

K Pack

MISCELLANIES

I N

VERSE and PROSE.

— *Si quis tamen hæc quoque, si quis*
Captus amore leget — VIRGIL.

The SECOND EDITION.



L O N D O N:

Printed for E. CURLL in Fleetstreet.
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To The HONOURABLE

Coll. *William Stanhope*

HIS MAJESTY'S ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY *and* PLENIPO-
TENTIARY *at the Court of*
MADRID.



SEVERAL of the
Pieces That compose
This little COLLECTI-
ON have had the good
Fortune *formerly* to Please You
in *Private*: And You have not,
B I am

ii DEDICATION.

I am persuaded, so much of the
PUBLICK MINISTER to *Forget*
an Old Acquaintance. Knowing,
as I do, the Generosity and
Frankness of Your natural
Temper, I Flatter my self, it
will be no disagreeable Change
to You from the Formal *Com-*
pliments, and Dissembled *Civi-*
lities, that you daily see pass be-
tween *Courts*, to turn your Eyes
upon the Sincerer *Professions* of
Real *Love*, and Disinterested
Friendship. If I may claim any
Degree of Merit as an *Author*,
it is to have writ upon scarce
any one *Subject* with which I
was not *passionately* affected, and
That was not capable in the *same*
Manner to affect other People.
This too will, I believe, distin-
guish

DEDICATION. iii

guish the following *Translations* from the *cold* and *lifeless* ones That have come from many Hands Which have undertaken that Work rather as their *Task* than their *Choice*. There is one Part, I own, of the Present I take leave to send You, the Publication of which may seem to want an Excuse; I mean, the Two Letters upon STUDY and CONVERSATION. But if every one had the same equitable Disposition I can promise my self in You, there would be need of no other Apology than what I made in the Beginning of the First ESSAY, where I sufficiently Explained at what *Level* I *Aimed*; Who have often, as You know, (for to a Friend One would

iv DEDICATION.

would own the Truth) had occasion for a *Guide*, as much as Any of my Neighbours. These *Sketches* were drawn at the Request, and for the sole Use of an EXCELLENT YOUTH whom You Knew, and Loved: (For who could *Know* Him without *Loving* Him?) HE soon, indeed, out-grew any *Instructions* I could pretend to suggest to Him; and, had He *Lived*, might have given, in HIMSELF, the brightest EXAMPLE. The Value He set upon Them, makes me think THEY may not be entirely *Useless*, at least to the *Younger Class* of READERS; for which Reason they have taken their Place among the rest of These Papers. What Fate
may

DEDICATION. v

may attend this MISCELLANY in *Print*, I am not able to Judge; but the Reception it hath found in *Manuscript* from some of the First Rank in Both Sexes, gives me a Confidence that every *Peevish Critick* will not have Credit enough to put it out of Countenance. I am in no Pain upon That Account; but it is with a great deal of *Pleasure* that I have *Now* a Publick Occasion, to make known to the World, the perfect *Esteem* I have always had for your *Person*, and my *grateful Resentments* of the many *Favours* with which You have Distinguished Me; and, at the same Time, to Assure You of my warmest *Wishes*, that You may meet
with

vi DEDICATION.

with all the *Success* that COURAGE, INTEGRITY, HONOUR, and GOOD SENSE can Merit.

I am, with the greatest *Respect*, and with equal *Reason*,

S I R,

Your most Obliged,

most Faithful, and

most Humble Servant,

London,
June 23. 1718.

RICHARDSON PACK,



*To Major PACK, upon Reading
his POEMS.*

SWay'd by the vulgar Tide (forgive the Wrong)
I thought before I Heard your pow'rful Song,
In noisy *War* the *MUSE's* Voice was Mute,
Nor hop'd to find the *Trumpet* near the *Lute*.
But now I See, from Thy melodious Lays,
The *Laurel* well may mingle with the *Bays*;
The *Warrior's Oak* may tremble on the *Crest*,
And yet the *Lover's Myrtle* shade the *Breast*.

MINERVA thus in *HOMER's* Camp is seen,
Now the Maid Threatens with a Warlike Mien;
Now in soft Words Perswades the giddy Throng,
And melts in Musick on *ULYSSES' Tongue*.
So on the Bosom of the *THAMES* unite
The Fruits of gentle *Peace*, and Pomp of *Fight*.
Here

Here Breathe The Spicy Gumms from *India's* Shores,
In Thunder there the *Royal Navy* Roars.

May BRITAIN never want such Sons as You,
To Fight her Battles, and Record them too.
TYRTÆUS so led SPARTA's Soldiers on,
Then sung the Trophies which Himself had won.
Be this thy Double Praise ; while We commend
The WARS you Write, the FREEDOM you Defend.

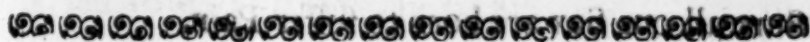
G. SEWELL.



ORIGI-



ORIGINAL POEMS
AND
TRANSLATIONS.



E L E G Y.
SYLVIA TO AMINTOR.

*Excute Virgineo conceptas Pectore flammæ,
Si potes, infelix. Si possem, sanior essem.
At trahit invitam nova vis; aliudque cupido,
Mens aliud suadet. Video meliora, proboque,
Deteriora sequor. — — — Ovid.*

BEhold, *Amintor*, an abandon'd Maid,
By Love and You to Misery betray'd!
With tend'rest Vows, and fond bewitching Art,
You press'd on ev'ry side, my easy Heart ;

B

Till

Till, having thrown the weak Intrenchments down,
 You Plunder'd first, then Left the naked Town.
 Was it for this I all the World Forsook,
 And in your Arms my wish'd *Asylum* Took:
 To be, like some cheap Flower, unkindly torn
 From my fix'd Root, then flung away in Scorn?
 Ill-fated Passion! oh unequal Lot!
 So long Pursu'd, am I so soon Forgot?
 Sure all our Sex are born to suffer Pain,
 Either from Falshood, or from cold Disdain.
 When Old, or Ugly, Men our Faces shun:
 If Young and Handsome, we're too oft undone.

Ye happier Virgins, whose unblemish'd Fame
 Has ne'er been sullied by the guilty Flame;
 By my Example warn'd, avoid with Care
 All close Engagements in Love's fatal War!
 Tho' long uninjur'd you maintain the Fight,
 You'll find your only Safety's in your Flight.
 The Foe all Stratagems and Methods tries:
 Who Force escape, are taken by Surprise.

On Wings of Down his treach'rous Arrows fly :
 Ah ! guard each Avenue, or else you Die.
 Trust not the slight Defence of Female Pride,
 Nor in your boasted Honour much confide.
 So Still the Motion, and so Smooth the Dart,
 It stole unfelt into my heedless Heart.
 The subtle Poison lurk'd a while conceal'd :
 But soon the Symptoms the Disease reveal'd.
 A sad afflictive melancholy Pain
 Throbb'd at my Breast, and beat in ev'ry Vein.
 My heaving Bosom swell'd with sudden Sighs,
 And Tears unbidden trickled from my Eyes.
 In restless Fervours languishing I lay,
 Dreaming all Night, and raving all the Day.
 Yet this, methinks, with ease I could sustain,
 Abjure my Freedom, and embrace my Chain;
 Would but *Amintor* one kind Look bestow
 To sooth my Grief, and mitigate my Woe.
 One flatt'ring Smile would scatter all my Fears,
 As Shadows vanish when the Sun appears.
 So, if the Weight of some unfriendly Storm
 Crush the pale *Hyacinth*, his Charms deform,

He hangs his Head, and seems awhile to mourn,
 Till the bright Ruler of the Day return :
 But soon as e'er he feels his Genial Fire,
 With kindly Warmth his tender Leaves inspire ;
 Strait he Revives with the same Purple Grace ;
 And the chill Dews no longer cloud his Face,
 But, ah ! This Image no Resemblance bears,
Amintor still is false, and *Sylvia* still despairs.

Like some misguided Traveller that strays
 Through pathless Woods, and unfrequented Ways,
 My Soul, deluded from her Native Seat,
 Finds no kind Shelter, no secure Retreat.
 Safe while I follow'd Virtue's steady Light :
 Depriv'd of That, I'm left in endless Night.
 What shall I do ? Ah, whither shall I turn ?
 In lawless Fires must I for ever burn ?
 Nor Peace, nor Innocence again return ?
 Ah no ! All other Ills some Cure may find ;
 But there's no Med'cine for a Love-sick Mind.
 Death only can my mortal Anguish end,
 And Nature's Enemy must be my Friend.

Unge-

and TRANSLATIONS. 5

Ungen'rous Lord, from Whom thy Wretched Slave
Flies for Relief to the relentless Grave!
But when my Ashes in their Urn are laid,
Who scorn'd me Living, will lament me Dead.
My Suff'rings cannot fail at length to move
Your Mind to Pity, though averse to Love.



AMIN-



AMINTOR to SYLVIA.

UNjustly, *Sylvia*, you my Coldness Blame :
 I wish, my Dear, that I were still the Same:
 But Nature seconds not my fond Desires ;
 The Oil once spent, o' course the Lamp expires.
 Love's Food is Luscious, and too apt to fill ;
 And 'tis the Devil to eat against one's Will.
 Your wanton *Cupid*'s an Insatiate Guest,
 And Thinks that ev'ry Meal must be a Feast,
 I play'd my Part as ably as I cou'd ;
 But thou'rt, i' faith, too Hard for Flesh and Blood,
 Have Conscience, Fair One, and the *Vanquish'd* spare ;
 Grant a short Truce — divert a while the War —
 Draw off your Forces from a ravag'd Land,
 And seek some Wealthier Province to command.

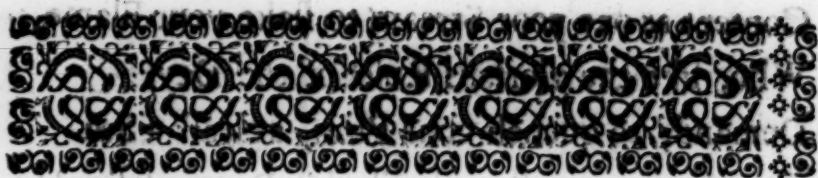
Nor

Nor live ingloriously a vulgar Name,
Content at one poor Stream to flake your Flame,
Who, like the glorious Ruler of the Day,
Demand, to quench your Fires, at least a Sea.
Your Beauty too should, like his Beams design'd
A Gen'ral Good, be to no One Confin'd.
Conceal not then the Lustre of your Charms;
Open to All the Heaven within your Arms,
Mankind for this alone the Gods Adore,
Because their Bounty's Equal to their Pow'r.



Writ

8 *Original POEMS*



*Writ at SEA in 1709, to a Friend
on Board the Admiral.*

TO you, dear *Cotton*, who on Board
Have all that Land, or Seas afford,
And, if you please, in Fortune's Spight,
May laugh from Morning until Night ;
Poor *Pack* in doleful Cabbin shut,
No Bigger than the Cynick's Hut,
Makes bold to send this homely Greeting,
Hoping, e'er long, a Happy Meeting.

The Moon has thrice renew'd her Prime,
(Aid me, some friendly Muse, with Rhime !)
Since first our Redcoats and their Trulls,
Were stow'd on Board these rotten Hulls ;

Where

and TRANSLATIONS.

9

Where We, condemn'd to Dirt and Fleas,
Live, God knows, little at our Ease,
For all we're cramm'd with Pork and Pease.
Oft have I wish'd the Coxcomb damn'd,
Who weary of his Native Land,
First fell'd for Mafts the Mountain Pine,
And spoil'd good honest Beef with Brine.
'Tis true, whilst we indulg'd in Claret,
I made some kind o' Shift to bear it.
But what Defense against the *Hip*-----
Now we're reduc'd from Wine to *Flip*?
Nay more, I Fear I shall e'er long
Have neither Liquor small or strong,
To quench my Thirst, or cool my Tongue.
Unless, my Dear, I can prevail,
With you to Beg, or else —— to Steal,
A Dozen or Two of Wine or Ale.
May you succeed! and so Farewel.



C

To



To JOHN CREED of Oundle in
Northamptonshire, *Esq*;

Mombrio in Catalonia, Oct. 9. 1709.

While you, dear *Creed*, secure at Land,
 Enjoy your Fortune at Command ;
 And, careleſs of the Wind and Tide,
 Anchor'd at *Oundle* ſafely ride :
 I have been rowling on the Ocean,
 Sick as I'd taken Pill or Potion.
 Coup'd up within a narrow Cabbin,
 (Grave as a Monk, or ancient Rabbin)
 I led a Life ſo odd and lazy,
 By *Jove* it almoſt made me crazy.
 Inſtead of Men of Converſation,
 Mix'd with a *Wapping* Generation,
 The Filth and Scum of all the Nation,

}
 Rogues

and TRANSLATIONS. II

Rogues without Souls, or other Fire,
Than what their Brandy did inspire ;
I guzled Flip, or viler Liquor,
And drank and smoak'd like Country Vicar.
But, Thanks to Heav'n, that Plague is o'er ;
And I'm got safe again a Shore ;
Where, free from Sickneſs, and from Sorrow,
I'll Live to Day, and — Hang to Morrow,
For I'm the ſame as heretofore ;
Juſt as Extravagant and Poor :
Reſolv'd to ſpend the utmoſt Farthing ;
And ne'er increaſe my Pelf by ſtarving :
But freely feed my Genial Fire,
Indulge each elegant Deſire,
While Wit, and Mirth, and gen'rous Wine,
Shall all their happy Forces join,
To ſoften the rough Scene of War,
And find a Charm for ev'ry Care.

Had I been Turn'd for Ways of Thriving,
(As my grave Father was Contriving)

E'er this you might have heard me Bawl
At *Westminster*, or *Hicks's-Hall* :
I, at the *Temple* had been Plodding,
Instead of Plund'ring and Marauding.
But 'tis in vain to force the Mind,
Which way soever 'tis inclin'd :
Else I should never spend my Time in
This trifling Dogrel Vein of Rhiming,
But in plain Prose, and better Sense
Tell you what News there is from hence.

Our present Theatre of War
Lies chiefly here among the Fair :
How to subdue the Ladies Hearts ;
And manage *Cupid's* pointed Darts.
Each Cavalier attacks his Dame,
And all our little Camp's in Flame.
The *Spaniards*, to their Cost, may feel
Our Eyes are fatal as our Steel.
F—e's Who, by Nature form'd for Love,
Alike does both the Sexes move,

With

With am'rous Airs and wanton Glances,
 Tickles the young *Sennora's* Fancies,
 Whilst I, who turn'd of Six and twenty,
 Find *Venus'* Treasure not so Plenty,
 With more Success, and better Grace
 Supply the absent Chaplain's Place ;
 Admonish Youth to fly from Vice,
 Abstain from Whoring, Cards, and Dice,
 And, like an Orthodox Divine,
 Damn all Mens Sins, yet stick to mine.

I rise each Day by Morning-Peep,
 (For Hunger will not let me sleep)
 Then in fat Chocolate I riot,
 To bribe my Stomach to be quiet.
 At Noon I twist at such a rate,
 'Twould do you Good to see me Eat.
 The Priests, who find me always Cramming,
 Pray against Heresy and Famine.
 But how should Men be Stout and Warlike,
 Who feed on nought but Fish and Garlick.

'Tis

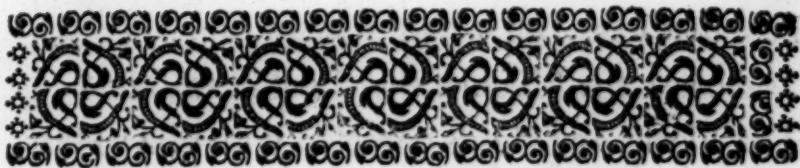
14 *Original* P O E M S

'Tis Beef and Pork support the War,
And not their Fasting, nor their Pray'r.

When cooler Thoughts by chance prevail,
Sometimes from Company I steal,
With *Horace*, *Virgil* and *Tibullus*,
Or That most pleasant Droll *Catullus*,
In private I enjoy the Night,
And reap both Profit and Delight,

Thus in a merry idle Scene,
I make a Shift to steer between
Th' Extremes of Folly, or of Vice,
And hope in time I may grow Wise:
Then worn a little of my Mettle,
I'll e'en go Home, and Wive, and Settle,





A PASTORAL.

In Imitation of VIRGIL'S II^d Eclogue.

Young *Corydon*, a poor inamour'd Swain,
The Fair *Miranda* lov'd, but lov'd in vain.
With Gifts he brib'd her ; and with Songs he strove
To Tune her Heart to the soft Notes of Love.
But still successless the fond Shepherd woo'd :
The Wanton faster fled, the more pursu'd.

With Grief and Shame, and hot Desire he press'd,
(Tyrants that rul'd by Turns within his Breast.)
Pensive and Sad he sought the silent Grove ;
And thus in artless Numbers mourn'd his Love.
Ungrateful Nymph, and oh too rudely Coy !
Thy fierce Unkindness will my Life destroy.
No Tongue can speak the Torments I endure ;
So deep the Wound that I despair of Cure.

Fool

Fool that I am, on certain Fate to run,
And court the Mischief that I ought to shun!
The Flocks and Herds oppress'd with sultry Heat,
To the thick Shades, and cooling Springs retreat;
And the green Lizard, and the painted Snake
Find a kind Refuge in some neighb'ring Brake.
But where, alas! can wretched I retire?
No Shades can cool, no Streams can quench my Fire.
Careless and unconcern'd I could have born
Dorinda's Hate, or *Sacharissa's* Scorn.
Those vulgar Beauties scarce our Passions move:
But you inspire me with the Rage of Love,
Yet know, Fond Maid, tho' so divinely Fair,
That with'ring Time will all thy Charms impair.
How gay the Lilly, and how sweet the Rose,
When the young Months their Virgin Bloom disclose!
But soon as e'er they feel the chilling Frost,
Their Leaves are blasted, and their Odours lost.
Consider Beauty will not always last,
Then lay out ev'ry happy Hour in haste.
That lovely Face proclaims a gentler Mind:
The God who form'd you Fair, design'd you Kind.
Return,

and TRANSLATIONS. 17

Return, dear Fugitive, return again;
And Bless, at last, thy much-enduring Swain.
Regard your Lover with impartial Eyes;
And see that Wealth, which you unknown despise.
Here mantling Vines the rising Hills adorn,
There the glad Vallies smile with rip'ning Corn.
My num'rous Flocks o'er-spread the flow'ry Plains,
And I'm the Envy of my Fellow Swains.
Content already with my present Store,
For your Sake only I could wish for more.
Secure and happy in yon little Cell,
Like *Sylvan* Gods we might together dwell.
With chearful Hounds we'd rise by Morning Dawn
To course the Hare, or chase the nimble Fawn.
In Rural Sports, and harmless Wanton Play,
Unmark'd the swift-wing'd Hours would glide away.
No busy Cares shou'd our soft Thoughts annoy,
But all our Life be Gentleness and Joy.
Ah *Coridon*! thy airy Hopes restrain,
Nor feast with flatt'ring Dreams thy Mind in vain.
Int'rest, you see, prevails o'er all Mankind;
And Gold so *Dazzles*, that it makes *Love* Blind.

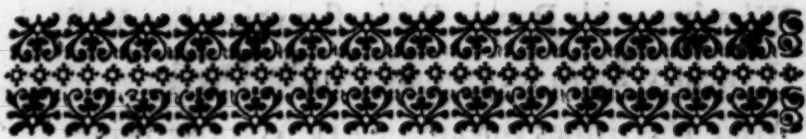
D

Thy

Thy Wealthier Rival, tho' Deform'd and Old.
Does thy Heart's Darling from thy Arms withhold.
Go, prune thy Vines, or tend thy woolly Care ;
Nor waste thy Youth in Mourning and Despair.
Let no false Raptures discompose thy Mind,
Forget the Cruel, and embrace the Kind.



The

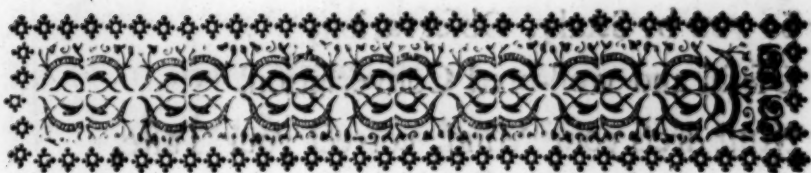


The Praise of S U L P I T I A.

From TIBULLUS, Book IV. Eleg. II.

FOrsake, Great God of War ! thy Native Skies,
 A brighter Heaven is in *Sulpitia's* Eyes.
 To Grace thy Festival, behold her Drest
 In all the shining Glories of the *East*.
 On the Soft Pomp indulge thy ravish'd Sight,
 Nor fear lest *Venus* grudge the chaste Delight.
 But, Thou impetuous Warrior well beware ;
 Thy Arms will scarce defend me from the Fair.
 When *Cupid* would some am'rous God inflame,
 He steals his Fire from this Celestial Dame.
 The chearful *Graces*, and the sportive *Loves*,
 Attend the Beauteous Maid, where'er she moves ;
 With secret Harmony each Act compose,
 And give a happy Turn to all she does.
 Whether in artful Pleats she brades her Hair,
 Or lets it loosely Wanton in the Air :

Whether with Purple Pride she robes her Vest,
Or neatly Plain seems negligently Drest :
Alike there does through ev'ry Manner shine,
A Grace Peculiar, and a Form Divine.
Vertumnus so a thousand Dresses wears,
And Charming still in All the youthful God appears.
This matchless Fair is worthy to enjoy
Whatever Art, or Nature can supply.
For her the *Tyrian* shou'd employ his Care,
For her Alone the costly Fleece prepare.
For her the Sun in bless'd *Arabia's* Soil,
Shall ripen Gums, and Incense, Spice, and Oil.
For her Both *Indies* shall their Treasures bring :
For her our Roses blow, our Violets spring.
For her the Muses shall young Bards inspire ;
For her *Apollo* tune his Vocal Lyre.
Unnumber'd Years may she their Toil prolong,
No nobler Subject can adorn their Song.



To D. C. when very YOUNG.

IF to be Gay, well-humour'd, Witty,
 Youthful, Agreeable, and Pretty,
 Attracts the Eye, and wins the Mind;
 Then what Resistance can you find,
 Whom Heaven has form'd with ev'ry Grace,
 A sprightly Soul, an Angel's Face?
 Yet shall I, gentle Boy, impart,
 What Kindness dictates from my Heart.
 Something there is that's still requir'd,
 To make my *Campbell* more admir'd.
Nature but half the Work has done;
Art must compleat what She begun.
 The richest Oar has some Allay,
 'Till Labour does the Mass refine;
 The Fire must Purge the Dross away,
 E'er the Intrinsick Bullion shine.

So

22 *Original* P O E M S

So you by Study, Observation,
 Useful and well-bred Conversation,
 Must dress your Mind, correct your Taste,
 And give your Thoughts a juster Cast :
 Must polish the rough Draught of Nature ;
 Re-touch, and soften ev'ry Feature :
 Set in true Light, each *Trait* will Shine,
 And the whole Piece will look Divine,
 A Genius like to yours shou'd aim,
 To merit more than common Fame ;
 Shou'd strive in all Things to excel ;
 In Judging right, and Acting well :
 Ambitious still to please the Best,
 Despising all the Vulgar rest.
 Think not, I mean by this Advice,
 To censure Pleasure as a Vice.
 My Lyre to softer Notes is strung.—
 I laugh at those mysterious Fools,
 Who live enslav'd to former Rules,
 And under a constrain'd Disguise,
 By looking Grave wou'd pass for Wise.

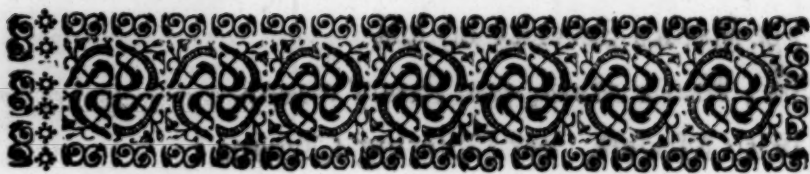
Reason

and TRANSLATIONS. 23

Reason tho' she forbids Excess,
Yet blames Severity no less.
She, like a *Maid*, our Fancy warms
With Modest, but Obliging Charms :
With decent Pride disdains to tread
The Paths that to Dishonour lead :
But safe from Danger, far from Noise,
Revels in silent real Joys ;
Such as true Friendship does inspire,
Or Love's more active nobler Fire.



The



*The Third ELEGY of the Third
BOOK of TIBULLUS.*

*Quid potest cælum votis implesse Neæra?
Blandaue cum multâ thura dedisse prece?*

WHY to the Gods do I my Vows repeat?
With Incense bribe them, and with
Pray'r intreat?

Is it, *Neæra*, that thou may'st behold
Me tread on Marble under Roofs of Gold?
That *Bacchus* would a joyful Vintage yield?
Or *Ceres* crown the Labours of the Field?
No, (Only Blessing!) 'tis for thy Return,
The sacred Fires on ev'ry Altar burn.
In thy Embraces let me happy Live,
'Tis all that I would ask, or Heav'n can give:

There

There to resign my latest Gasp of Breath,
 Clasp'd in my Arms, when seiz'd by those of Death.
 Not Heaps of treasur'd Gold allure my Eye;
 The *Phrygian* Column, or the *Tyrian* Dye;
 Not awful Bow'rs, like sacred * Groves design'd,
 That strike Religious Rev'rence on the Mind;
 Not all the Pomp that gazing Crowds admire,
 The gawdy Equipage; and rich Attire:
 These Envy raise. Nor can the lab'ring Mind
 Assur'd Repose in their Possession find.

Fortune, who governs with Despotick Sway,
 Resumes to Morrow, what she gave to Day.
 Poor be my Lot ! Inglorious be my State !
 Bless'd with thy Presence, I'll absolve my Fate.
 But if thy Absence I must still bemoan,
 What Gift of Life can for the Loss atone ?
 The Wealth of Kings would be too mean a Price ;
 On Crowns less Splendor waits than on thy Eyes.
 Pride and Ambition vulgar Souls may fire,
 But Love's the Empire to which I aspire.

* A Great Part of the *Religious Service* of the *Ancients* was performed in *Groves* Dedicated to their *Peculiar Divinities*.

26 Original P O E M S

Saturnian Juno! hear thy Suppliant's Pray'r,
 And thou, O *Venus!* aid a Lover's Care.
 Hasten the happy and the welcome Day,
 That shall *Neera* to my Arms convey.
 Or, if the Fates averse with sullen Pride,
 Mock my fond Passion, and my Hopes deride;
 Deep let me drink of the *Lethean* Wave,
 And dark Oblivion hide me in the Grave.





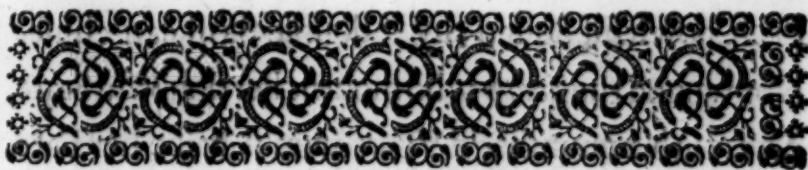
The Twelfth ELEGY *of the*
Second BOOK of PROPERTIUS.

*Quicumque ille fuit, Puerum qui pinxit Amorem,
Nonne putas miras hunc habuisse manus ?*

WHO first drew *Cupid* a young Boy, and Blind,
With Skill, no doubt, the Moral Piece design'd.
He saw how Lovers with fond Childish Play
Lavish in idle Cares their Hours away.
His Airy Wings the Artist too exprest,
Flutt'ring in wanton Sport from Breast to Breast.
(For so our Hopes no constant Measures know,
And Tides of Joy alternate ebb and flow ;)
And arm'd his little Hands with pointed Darts,
To shew his Tyranny o'er human Hearts.
With fatal Certainty he draws his Bow,
And unobserv'd directs the silent Blow.

Too well I kenn how each fell Arrow Stings ;
 But sure the Wanderer has lost his Wings :
 For Settled here, he Rages in my Breast,
 And my poor wearied Soul can find no Rest.
 Ah cease a wretched Spectre to invade !
 Attack some blooming Youth, or haughty Maid :
 Me thy old Servant, and thy Poet spare ;
 Else who shall sing the Triumphs of thy War ?
 My Muse oppress'd, now scarce one Note can raise ;
 Restore my Liberty, I'll Sound thy Praise.
 I will describe Thy *Cynthia's* Air and Mien,
 Those Eyes, That Shape, That Grace in Motion seen.
Harmonious Beauty shall my Song inspire ;
And Love's bright Torch shall set the World on Fire.





The Fourth ELEGY of the
Fourth BOOK of TIBULLUS.

TO PHOEBUS.

*Huc ades, & teneræ morbos expelle puellæ,
Huc ades, intonsâ Phœbe superbe comâ.*

P*Hæbus* descend, thy radiant Locks display'd,
Come and relieve the sweet complaining Maid.
Trust me, make Haste: She well deserves thy Care:
Who would not be Physician to the Fair?
Revive the fading Roses on her Cheek;
Revive the drooping Lillies on her Neck:
And far to Winds commit, and distant Seas
Each Rebel Atom that disturbs her Ease.

Come

Come, Sacred Sire! and bring each pow'rful Juice,
Each pow'rful Sound thy * double Skill can chuse.
Nor wound the *Youth* who mourns her doubtful State,
And with unnumber'd Vows wou'd bribe her Fate.
One while he Prays: Anon, if she Complains,
Distracted he Blasphemes, and Heaven Araigns.
But fear no Foes, *Cerintus*, from above:
The Gods will all Befriend the Cause of Love.
Weep then no more; thy Tears were only Due,
Were she grown Cold, Indifferent, or Untrue:
But well thou know'st, for Thee alone she Lives;
Nor minds th' officious Crowd besides that Grieves.
Propitious *Phæbus*! Show'r thy Blessings down:
Preserve Two Lovers Lives in saving One.
So, when the grateful Pair their Praise shall join,
And hand in hand Approach thy hallow'd Shrine,
The thronging *Sanctities* of Heaven shall Own,
No Arts worth Envyng but Thine alone.

* *Apollo* was the God of *Musick* and of *Medicine*.



To my Dear FRIEND, Captain
DAVID CAMPBELL.

Cividadella in Minorca, Nov. 1712.

*Writ upon the Reduction of some Regiments in
That Island, where, by the Singular Humanity
of the Ministry, the Officers were Detained up-
on Half-Pay, when they could scarce live, with
Decency, upon Whole.*

WHen Campbell, on the Banks of Thames,
Mixt with the Beaus and shining Dames,
The sweet Variety you prove
Of Wit, and Wine, and happy Love;
Reflect a little on this Scene,
The Seat of Poverty and Spleen;
And while gay Pleasure fills your Mind,
Pity those Friends you left behind,

Who

Who, banish'd from the Fair and Young,
Must Live Unblest, and Dye Unsung.

In vain kind Nature would employ
Her baffled Aid to give me Joy :
In vain each Pulse proclaims aloud,
The gen'rous Fire that warms my Blood :
To Rocks, alas ! or desert Plains,
(Far from the Nymphs and tuneful Swains)
Confin'd, I mourn my Vigor lost,
By Love forsook, by Fortune crost.
No Verdant Beauty cheers my Sight ;
No feather'd Choirs my Ear delight ;
No *Park*, nor *Play*, nor fond Amour,
Amuse one tedious lonesome Hour ;
But the same Round still wears away,
In Sleep the Night, in Sloth the Day.

How partial is the Hand of Fate !
Who roul in Wealth, and ride in State !
See we not some, like Insects Born,
Our Sex' Disgrace, the other's Scorn,

Yet

Yet favour'd by capricious Chance,
By Springs unseen their Steps advance ;
Mount to the Top of Fortune's Wheel,
Made happy ev'n against their Will ?
While the brave Youth, whose Counsels aim
By vertuous Acts to merit Fame,
In fruitless Toils consumes his Days,
And neither meets Reward or Praise.
Others, whom Beauty's Pow'r controuls,
Form'd with soft-impassion'd Souls,
(And oh my Heart is tend'rer far
Then Sighs of pitying Virgins are)
Address in vain the cruel Boy ;
Feel all his Pains, nor taste the Joy.
The Gods of their own Blifs secure,
Neglect the Ills which we endure.

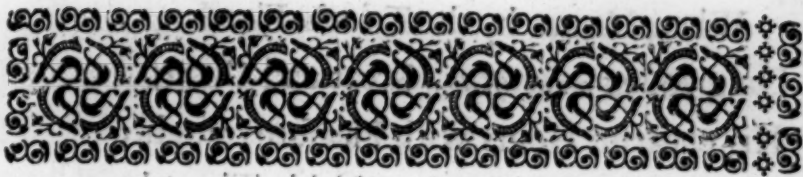
If all our Piety's not vain ;
If long Intreaty Heav'n can gain ;
E'er yet my Noon of Life be past,
E'er gath'ring Clouds my Sun o'ercaft,

F

Let

Let me, ye Pow'rs ! successful prove
In my Ambition, and my Love.
My Active; Restless, Fiery Mind,
Can ill submit to be confin'd :
Urg'd by Desires perhaps too great,
I fain, methinks, would tempt my Fate :
But if the Spear, and cumb'rous Shield
Too weighty are for me to wield ;
If shut out from the Lifts of Fame,
I'm doom'd to live without a Name :
Grant me, at least, This one Request,
(And that, alone, will make me Blest)
Redeem me from a long Despair,
And make my Charmer Kind as Fair.





To his Grace the Duke of ARGYLL.

Port-Mahon, Jan. 1st. 1713.

ARGYLL, deriv'd from Royal Blood,
My surest Guard, my sweetest Good ;
O that inspir'd with happy Skill,
And Force proportion'd to my Zeal,
In lasting Verse I cou'd Proclaim
Thy matchless Worth, thy growing Fame !
Like Thee should be my num'rous Song,
Exact yet Easy, Smooth tho' Strong.
But the small Genius I could boast,
Shipwreck'd on this dull Shore, is lost.
My banish'd Melancholy Muse,
Condemn'd to live a poor Recluse,
Mourns her neglected Charms decay'd,
And moults her Wings, and droops her Head.

When *Horace* by the *Tyber's* Flood
Sung young *Augustus*, Great and Good,
His chearful Hours with Pleasure fraught,
Enlarg'd his Soul, and tun'd his Thought.
Gay od'rous Flow'rs his Temples crown'd ;
The Loves and Graces play'd around ;
The Purple *Chian* flush'd his Wit ;
He laugh'd, he lov'd, he sung, he writ.
Th' immortal Offspring of his Lyre,
Conceiv'd in Energy and Fire,
Still Triumphs over Age and Time,
Beautiful, Noble and Sublime !

So, if my lucky Star would smile,
If Landed on the *British Isle*,
Within some little snug Retreat,
At length I could my Wishes meet ;
On *Thames'* fair Banks supinely laid,]
Beneath a spreading Poplar's Shade,
By no uneasy Passions press'd,
(Which now in Crowds insult my Breast)

Tho'

and TRANSLATIONS. 37

Tho' far unequal to his Strain,
I might not sing perhaps in vain.
Smit with Ambition of thy Praise,
I'd strive my feeble Notes to raise.
Thy Sight new Vigour wou'd infuse ;
The Heroe is the Poet's Muse.
Not the shrill *Lark*, when Morn does spring,
Should higher Soar, or sweeter Sing.
The list'ning Groves should bless my Choice,
And Eccho learn to speak my Voice.
This Merit I'll, however, claim,
To Love, tho' not Adorn thy Name.



Upon



Upon Religious SOLITUDE.

*Occasioned by Reading the Inscription on the Tomb
of CASIMIR King of Poland, who Abdicated
his Crown, and spent the Remainder of his
Days in the Abbey of St. Germain's at Paris,
where he lyes Interred.*

MAN, foolish Man! made wretched by his
(Will,
Conscious of Good, yet still declines to Ill.
Reason in vain directs our wand'ring Choice :
Each Passion turns us with her Syren Voice.
Through Airy Visions (giddy with the Round)
Our Fancy leads us o'er enchanted Ground
Till tir'd at length with Change, and out of Breath,
We close the Scene, and shut up all in Death.

But ah ! how Bless'd are they, and only they,
Who Nature's wise Instructions can obey :

Who

Who within Bounds their Appetites confine ;
Nor drink too deep of Pleasure's heady Wine :
Who free from Bus'ness too the Leisure find
To dress the little Garden of their Mind.
That Grateful Tillage best rewards our Pains :
Sweet is the Labour, certain are the Gains.
The rising Harvest never mocks our Toil,
Secure of Fruit, if we manure the Soil.

Cities and Courts, with false Allurements bright,
Mislead the Judgment by their dazzling Light.
Our Envy sometimes we on those bestow,
Whom we our Pity rather should allow.
Gay Looks too oft the sadned Heart belye ;
And the loud Laugh is follow'd by a Sigh.
Not all the Charms of the luxurious East,
Can quell the Tumults of a troubled Breast.
Musick and Wine in vain exert their Pow'r :
The Musick grates our Ears, the Wine turns fow'r.
Nor Beauty Love, nor Wit can Mirth excite ;
Dull lags the Day, and joyless is the Night.

Ye bold Disturbers of Mankind be warn'd !
 Dear costs the Glory, which your Guilt has earn'd.
 Fortune, a while, deceitfully may smile,
 And with smooth Hopes your secret Fears beguile ;
 But Horrour will succeed, and dire Remorse —
 Nor Strength can check, nor Skill elude their Force }
 They board the Three-deck'd Ship, and back the }
 [Warriour-Horse. }

Greatness, at best, when by just Arts pursu'd,
 Is but a partial and unequal Good.
 Those needful Cares that do the Throne secure,
 Give Princes Pains which Peasants ne'er endure.
 Sick of this Evil, CASIMIR retir'd,
 And gave the Kingdom back his Arms acquir'd.
 He saw the tempting Lustre of a Crown ;
 But felt its Weight, and laid the Burthen down.
 Pride, Cruelty, Contempt of Sacred Things,
 (The usual Ministers of Conqu'ring Kings)
 Banish'd by him, to grace his future Reign,
 Faith, Hope, and Charity were all his Train.

Hail,

Hail, Gentle *PIETY*! (unmingled Joy!)
Whose Fullness satisfies, but ne'er can cloy :
Spread thy soft Wings o'er my devoted Breast,
And settle There, an everlasting Guest !
Not *cooling Breezes* to the *languid Swain*,
To Winter *Sunshine*, or to Summer *Rain* ;
To sinking *Mariners* the Friendly Hand,
That *bears* 'em up, and *guides* 'em safe to *Land*;
Bring half the *Comfort*, or the *Welcome* find,
As thy *Accesses* to a *Shipwreck'd MIND*.





IPSWICH, April 1714.

*An EPISTLE from a Half-Pay
Officer in the Country to his Friend
in London, upon Reading the Ad-
dress of the Two Houses, to thank
her Majesty for the Safe, Honour-
able, and Advantageous PEACE.*

*O Dulces comitum valetе catus.
Longè quos simul à domo profectos,
Diverse variæ viæ reportant.*

Catull.

Curse on the Star, Dear *Harry*, That betray'd
My Choice from *Law*, *Divinity*, or *Trade*,
To turn a Rambling *Brother* o' the *Blade* !

Of

and TRANSLATIONS. 43

Of all *Professions* sure the worst is WAR.

How whimsical our Fortune ! how *Bizarre* !

This Week we shine in *Scarlet*, and in *Gold* :

The next the *Cloak* is pawn'd --- the *Watch* is fold.

To Day we are *Company* for any Lord :

To Morrow not a *Soul* will take our Word.

Like *Meteors* rais'd in a *tempestuous Sky*,

A while we *Glitter*, then *obscurely Dye*.

Must *Heroes* suffer such *Disgrace* as *This* ?

O *Curst Effects* of Honourable Peace !

I, who not long ago indulg'd my Hours

In witty Commerce, or in soft Amours ;

And in rich *Mulso*, *Volney*, or *Champaigne*,

Ador'd each Night the *Beauties* then in Reign ;

(Till, *Arms* submitting to the *Awful Gown*,

Our *Troops* were forc'd to Abdicate the *Town*,)

Must now Retire, and Languish out my Days

Far from the Roads of *Pleasure*, or of *Praise* :

Quit sweet *Hyde-Park* for dull *Provincial Air* ;

And change the *Play-House* for a *Country Fair* :

44 Original P O E M S

With sneaking *Parsons* beastly *Bumpers* quaff ;
 At low *Conceits*, and vile *Comundrums* laugh ;
 Toast to the CHURCH, and talk of *Right Divine* ;
 And Herd with *Squires*---- more noisy than their

(*Swine*.)

Must Heroes suffer such Disgrace as This ?

O *Curst Effects* of Honourable Peace !

There was a Time--- O! yes there was a Time---

(*E'er Poverty* made *Luxury* a Crime,) O

When *Marigolds* in *Porridge* were a *Fest* ;

And *Soups* were us'd to introduce the *Feast*.

Then *French Ragouts* were *Orthodox* and *Good* ;

And *Truffles* held no *Heresy* in *Food*.

Nor to eat *Mackarel* was judg'd *High-Treason*,

Tho' *Goosberries* as yet were not in *Season*.

But under *H---ley's* frugal *Dispensation*,

These *Vanities* require a *Reformation*.

Scourg'd by his *Wand*, and Humbled by his *Sway*,

I've learn'd to suit my *Diet* to my *Pay* ;

And

and TRANSLATIONS. 45

And Now can *sanctify*, with *solemn Face*,

A heavy *Dumpling* with a *formal Grace*.

In *Awkward Plenty* slovenly I *Dine* :

And *nappy Ale* supplies the want of *Wine*.

No nice *Disserts* my *learned Palate* please.

To fill up *Chinks*--- a *Slice of Suffolk-Cheese* ?

And must then Heroes Nibble Suffolk-Cheese ?

O *Curst Effects* of *Honourable Peace* !

But ah ! the *hardest Part* is still behind----

The FAIR too, *Gentle Harry*, prove *Unkind*.

'Think then how *wretchedly* my *Life* must pass !

For what's this *World*, my *Friend*, without a *Loss* ?

Poor be my *Lot*, *Inglorious* be my *State*,

Give me but--- WOMAN, I'll absolve my *Fate*.

But 'tis in vain. ———

Th' *ungrateful Sex*, as *senseless* as *unjust*,

To *Feed* their *Pride*, will even *Starve* their *Lust*.

And fool'd by *Equipage* and empty *Show*,

Quit the *Tough Soldier* for the *Lathy Beau*.

I, who

46 *Original P O E M S.*

I, who so oft my *forward Zeal* have shew'd,
And in *their Service* spent my *warmest Blood*.
Am now *reduc'd*, (hard Fate !) for want of *Pelf*,
To fight the **JESUIT's Battle** by my *self*.

Must Heroes suffer such Disgrace as This ?
O Curst Effects of Honourable Peace !



* *The*



**The Fourth of Eclogue of VIRGIL
Imitated.*

SICILIAN Muse exalt thy tuneful Voice :
Not always make the *Woods* and *Groves* thy
(Choice.

Or, if that humbler Theme You still pursue,
Make the *Groves* worthy of a *Consul's* View.

The Time is come the *SYBIL* long Foretold.
Restoring the *SATURNIAN* Age of Gold.
Again

*This ECLOGUE was Compos'd in Honour of *CAIUS ASINUS POLLIO*, during whose *Consulship*, and by whose happy *Mediation* the Famous *PEACE* of *PUTEOLI* had been lately Concluded, and *ROME* thereby Deliver'd from the Pressures under which it had Labour'd while *SEXTUS POMPEIUS* (who was before possess'd of *SIGILY*, and at War with *OCTAVIANUS* and *ANTHONY*) had, by means of his *Fleet*, cut off all Provisions from the City. *POLLIO* having a SON Born to him at That Time, the POET Celebrates His *Nativity* with all the Glorious Circumstances That were the Consequence of so Fortunate a Conjunction; and, to Adorn His Subject, Borroweth many Things besides from the *SYBILLINE Prophecies*, That have been since Applied by the Piety of some *FATHERS* of the *CHURCH* to the Birth of *CHRIST*.

48 *Original* P O E M S.

Again *ASTRÆA* is return'd to Earth:
 And a new Race descends of *Heav'nly Birth*.
 O Chaste *LUCINA* ! thy kind Aid Bestow ;
 (Lo! thy *APOLLO* rules the World below)
 Discharge the *Mother* of her pregnant Load,
 And quick Reveal to Light the *Infant God*.
 And THOU O *POLLIO* ! chose by smiling Fate,
 From thy great *Consulship* shall give this *Æra* Date.
 If any Seeds of *Vice* shall dare appear,
 Thy bright *Example*, and successful *Care*,
 Shall free the World at once from *Guilt*, and *Fear*.
 Th' *Illustrious Babe* for future Sway decreed,
 Belov'd by GODS, the Life of GODS shall lead :
 Long with *Hereditary Virtues* Reign ;
 And late Ascend his *Native Skies* again.

The Grateful *EARTH* to greet her *Infant King*,
 Shall sacred Wreaths of Circling *Ivy* bring :
 While *FLORA* decks with various Art the Ground,
 And *Zephyrs* scatter Her Perfumes around.

At

and TRANSLATIONS. 49

At thy *Approach*, blest Boy ! shall strait remove
Each *rougber Kind* that's *Enemy* to *Love*.
The *Prowling Wolf* no more shall *bunt* for *Prey* ;
The *Ox* and *Lion* shall together *play* ;
The *Serpent* lose his *Sting* ; each pois'nous *Weed*
Shall *die*, and SYRIAN *Roses flourish* in their
(*Stead*.)

But When, contemplating thy *Father's Praise*,
Thy *ripen'd Thought* shall *Emulation* raise
To urge Thy *Fate* the same *Heroic Ways*,
The *dreary Waste* shall rise with *wavy Corn* ;
The *blushing Grape* in *Clusters* load the *Thorn* ;
And *Pearls of Honey-Dew* the *rugged Oak* adorn.
Yet still *some Footsteps* shall of *Fraud* remain.
The *greedy Mariner*, in hopes of *Gain*,
Shall tempt the *Dangers* of the *faithless Main* ;
Cities with *Walls* shall be *incompass'd round* ;
Troops shall *embark*, and *Martial Trumpets* sound ;

H

Greece

GREECE shall again a new ACHILLES boast,
And TROY once more lament *her* Glory lost.

But as thy *former Tears* to *Manhood* rise,
The *Port* no more shall hear the *Sailor's* Cries ;
Traffick shall cease ; alike in ev'ry Land
All things shall be produc'd by NATURE's boun-
(teous Hand.

The sharpned *Share* no more shall vex the *Soil*,
Nor the luxuriant *Vine* demand the *Pruner's* Toil.
The lusty *Hind* no more shall yoke the *Ox*,
Nor for the TYRIAN *Merchant* sheer his *Flocks*
Unborrow'd *Lustre* shall the *Fleece* adorn,
And native *Gold* and *Purple* shall be *Shorn*.
In FATE's eternal *Volume* 'tis decreed :
And the glad Tears come rowling on with happy
(Speed.

Advance ; and to thy destin'd Honours move,
O *Darling Care* ! O *genuine Seed* of JOVE !

Aloft

Aloft behold the *Gods* inthron'd in *State*,
While *Heaven* inclines beneath the *glorious*
(*Weight.*

Gay looks the *Earth* ; the *Skies* serenely fair ;
Calm are the *Seas*, and *Breezes* fan the *Air*.
Each *jarring Element* forgets its *Rage*,
Pleas'd with the Prospect of the *coming Age*.

O ! that Kind *Heaven*, propitious to my *Vow*,
Would to my *Life* so long a *Space* allow :
To celebrate the *Blessings* of thy *Reign* !
Not *Thracian ORPHEUS* with his pow'rful *Strain*, }
Nor *LINUS* should the envy'd *Prize* obtain : }
Though each great *Parent* did their *Sons* inspire,
And *PHOEBUS* with *CALLIOPE* conspire.
Should *PAN*'s own *Song* be with my *Numbers* try'd,
And his own *ARCADY* the *Prize* decide ;
Ev'n *PAN* himself, who with my *Numbers* vy'd,
Should lose the *Prize*, tho' *ARCADY* decide.

See !

See! see! thy MOTHER * *Smiles*, Auspicious
Boy!

She owns her Ten Months Qualms o'erpaid with
(Joy.

The Parents Frowns the hapless Child should
(dread :

† No GOD shall grace his *Board*, nor GODDESS
(blefs his *Bed*.

* The ANCIENTS took the *Omen* of the Future Good or Ill Fortune of CHILDREN from the Kind or Sullen Regards of the MOTHER upon the INFANT's being presented to her soon after its Birth : And in the same manner looked upon it as a Sign of a Lucky Genius in the CHILD, if it could Distinguish, and, as it were, Acknowledge the Fondness of the PARENT. † This COMMINATION relates to the APOTHEOSIS of the HEATHENS, which consisted in the HERO's being Admitted, after his Translation, to the Feasts of the GODS, and the Embraces of some GODDESS.





TO HIS
Grace the Duke of ARGYLL.

APRIL 1714.

WHILE You, my LORD, by *Birth* and
(*Virtue* Great,
Depend not on the giddy Turns of State;
Nor aw'd by *Threats*, nor by vain *Flatt'ry* sway'd,
Can tamely see your *Country's* Cause Betray'd;
But *Brave* and *Wise* with equal Merit claim
The *Gen'ral's* Triumph, and the *Patriot's* Fame:
In *Camps* ador'd, in *Senates* too rever'd;
By good Men *honour'd*, and by bad Men *fear'd*:
Tho' far retir'd from the ambitious Throng,
Soft Images alone employ *my Song*,

The

54 *Original* P O E M S

The *Muse* inamour'd with thy fair Renown,
Quits her lov'd *Groves* to seek the busy *Town*.

When with impartial Eyes we COURTS survey,
And see what *Insects* in That *Sun-shine* play ;
How *Vice* and *Folly* most Preferments share ;
And what *dull Rogues* are thoughtless *Monarchs*
(Care ;

What *Mimick Nobles* do the *Robe* disgrace,
From *Dunghils* rais'd to *Dignity* and *Place* ;
Such upstart Giants, who were Pigmies born,
Tempt not our *Envy*, but provoke our *Scorn*.
Those Titles only true Respect can give,
Which bold Exploits, or gen'rous Acts atchieve :
When Men, superior by a Right of Fate,
(But ah ! how far unlike the *Vulgar Great*)
With Dauntless Courage, and a Godlike Mind,
By *Arts* improve, or *Arms* relieve Mankind.
This be thy Praise---who, while the *Star* you wear,
Are less distinguish'd by That Mark you bear,
Of

and TRANSLATIONS. 55

Of *Royal Favour* on your *Noble Breast*,
Than by a *Soul* of ev'ry *Grace* possess'd.
Aspiring, Gallant, Liberal, and Good,
Each Action blazons your illustrious *Blood*,
Which through successive *Heroes* still has run,
But ne'er before with such *Advantage* shone.

The Beams your *Youthful Dawn* did first display,
Foretold the Brightness of your *Future Day*.
Early you enter'd on the *World's great Stage*;
Saw, and Despis'd the *Follies of the Age* :
Forfaking *Pleasure*, and Disdaining *Rest*,
The Thirst of *Glory* fir'd your daring *Breast*.
Expos'd to *Dangers*, and Inur'd to *Care*,
You first Deserv'd the *Lawrel* which you wear;
For the *Fair Prize* you Thought no *Labours* hard.
When *Honour* call'd, to suffer was *Reward*.
Unsatisfy'd, tho' Foremost in the *Race*,
As you *advanc'd*, you *quick'ned* still your *Pace*;
Till

56 *Original* P O E M S

Till long *Experience*, and superior *Sense*,
Gain'd you, at last, your *just Preheminence*
FORTUNE, *Fantastick* in her *Choice*, we find
Rarely to those, whom *Nature* Favours, *Kind* :
But here *Both Blessings* we behold compleat,
In You those *Winding Streams* united meet.

By just Degrees acquainted with it's Weight,
Your *Virtue* sinks not underneath your *State*.
No *Luxury* betrays your Thoughts to *Ease*.
No Starts of *Fancy* on your *Judgment* seize.
No *Pride* insults ; no *Vanity* prevails.
Justice and *Candour* poize the equal Scales.
Tho' *Foe* to All whose Pow'r affects *Excess*,
You stoop, like *Heav'n*, to hearken to *Distress*.
Kind without *Affectation* or *Disguise*,
Your *Heart* makes good the Promise of your *Eyes*.

False Heroes, rais'd by undeserv'd Success,
Jealous of Others *Merit*, make it Less.

You,

You, like the SUN, *essentially* are Bright,
Lend to the meaner Orbs a Portion of your Light :
Aid the young Vigour of a rising Name ;
Point out the Quarry, and provoke to Fame.
Possess'd of all for which fond Mortals toil,
You fear no *Rival*, and can want no *Foil*.

In various Lands your *Skill* and *Valour* long
Supply'd fresh Wonders to the Poet's Song.
The proud IBERIAN, and the faithless GAUL,
Have seen their Tow'rs beneath your Thunder fall.
Where e'er you steer'd, successful prosp'rous Gales
Favour'd your Course, and fill'd your spreading
(Sails.

But *now* the furly Drum, and sprightly Fife,
No longer wake the drowfy World to Strife :
P E A C E is ordain'd. —

And O ! that *diff'rent Wars* did not succeed,
And *Civil Fury* make the Nation bleed,
While *Faction* does in ev'ry Place declaim,
And *Malice* blots out the Records of Fame.

No *Faith* is kept, no *Quarter* is allow'd,
 Among these *Russian Champions* of the Crowd.
 Each *hot-brain'd Fool* pleads *Merit*, if he can
 Draw his vile *Pen*, and stab some *envy'd Man*.

Enough my *Muse*— Restrain thy just *Disdain*—
 Thy *Bus'ness* is to *Praise*, and not *Complain*.
 And you, M Y L O R D, in conscious *Virtue* bold,
 Careless and unconcern'd the *Storm* behold,
 Firm as the deathless *Gods* you keep your *Course* ;
Drive through the Waves, and Baffle all their Force.
 Vain their Attempts ! who wou'd the *Man* invade,
 Whose *Arm* must Conquer, and whose *Voice* Per-
 (suade.

(For *BRITAIN's Annals* shall with *Pride* record
 Your *Tongue* no less victorious than your *Sword*.
 That *pow'rful Eloquence* must needs succeed,
 Where *Art* and *Nature* both united plead :
 Where *Strength* and *Beauty* do the *Charm* compose,
Keen as the *Thistle*, *Sweeter* than the *Rose*.)
 With

and TRANSLATIONS. 59

With double Weapons you your Foes engage,
Convince their *Reason*, or Difarm their *Rage*.
Unlike the num'rous Herd of senseless *Braves*,
Who, Tools to *Statesmen*, or their *Fortune's* Slaves,
Hire out for low Rewards their Health and Ease,
The *Plagues of War*, or *Lumber of a Peace* ;
In either State you challenge our Esteem ;
The *Soldier's* Darling, and the *Gownsmen's* Theme.
MINERVA so at ATHENS was confess'd,
With *Olive* crown'd, or in bright *Armour* dress'd.

Amidst the Cares, the Hurry and the Strife,
That fill the busy Scenes of *Publick Life*,
Your GRACE too sometimes does the Leisure find.
With *gentler Arts* to entertain your Mind. .
Tho' train'd to *nobler Wars*, you don't disdain
To listen to the *Combats of the Plain* :
The *Trumpet's* Clangor, and the *Cannon's* Noise,
Drown not the *Music* of the *Shepherd's* Voice.

Few in this dull degen'rate Iron Age,
Who boast the *Martial*, share the *Tuneful* Rage.
In You great *Nature* shew'd herself profuse ;
And form'd at once a *Hero* and a *Muse*.
To *either* *Lawrel* you have just pretence ;
Your *COUNTRY's* Ornament, and her *Defence*.



Fragment



Fragment of a LETTER

To the HONOURABLE

Mr. JAMES BRUDENELL,

1714.

CURse on the *lazy, fawning, treach'rous Tribe!*
Who meanly wou'd our *Freedom* circumscribe;
And bred Themselves in *Slav'ry* and in *Vice*,
Would prostitute our *Reason* to their *Lies*.
Mistake me not — with *Reverence* I Bow,
And bend my humbled Heart *devoutly* low
To *Those good Men*, who *zealous* but *sincere*,
Serve at the ALTAR with Religious Fear,
Practise th' *Austerities* they gravely Teach,
And in their *Lives* as well as *Sermons* Preach.
Such are the *Guardian Angels* of Mankind;
All must adore their *Light* who are not *Blind*.

But

and TRANSLATIONS. 63

Ev'n *Whores* wou'd Cant *Religion* (so they mock'd

(her!

And lewdly *TOASTED* to the *CHURCH* and *Doctor*;

Rail'd at the *Taxes*, grumbled at the *War*;

While *Love* (poor Things!) was but their second

(Care ;

For when Oppress'd with *Miseries* like *These*,

How could they *Cultivate the Arts of Peace*?



On



On FRIENDSHIP.

To the HONOURABLE

Collonel WILLIAM STANHOPE.

1715.

SAY, Gentle STANHOPE, for Thou well can'st
(tell

The happy *Charms* that in True FRIENDSHIP
(dwell,

Say, why those *Charms* so seldom long endure ;

Why Few e'er Taste the gen'rous *Blessing* Pure ;

But Most still find that *Cordial Wine* of Life,

With fulsome *Flatt'ry* stum'd, or sowr'd with *Strife*.

The Cause seems This : To Vanity resign'd,

Fancy not *Reason* rules our wayward Mind.

We

and TRANSLATIONS. 63

We seek not *Virtue* in the Man we Love,
But such affect, who *Like* what we *Approve*.
With forc'd *Complacency*, and venal *Smiles*,
The *Harlot* thus, and *Parasite* *Beguiles*.
The dear *Dissemblers* we with *Pride* believe,
Nor think such *civil Creatures* can *Deceive*.
When *Young Unskilful* in the *World's false Arts*,
Careless w' unlock to ev'ry *Guest* our *Hearts* ;
Till better *Taught*, we by *Experience* find,
Smooth Looks are *Artifice*, and *Vows* are *Wind*.
Then *Craftier* grown (as *CULLIES* turn to *ROOKS*)
We try, perhaps, the *Cheat* on other *Folks* ;
Revenge the *Suff'rings* of our heedless *Youth* ;
And to our *Int'rest* sacrifice our *Truth*.

But *Virtue* in a *FRIEND* will not suffice,
He should not only *Honest* be, but *Wise*.
Discreetly Bold, and mannerly *Severe*,
Averse to *Court*, or to *Offend* the *Ear* ;

K

Cautious

Cautious, to skreen from *publick* View, or Shame,
 Those Faults which he in *private* can't but Blame.
 Some, who'd disdain to act a *treach'rous* Part,
 Turn Villains out of *Gaiety of Heart* ;
 And, to indulge their wanton *Ridicule*,
 Will *Shock* a *modest* Man to *Pleaze* a *Fool* :
 For *Fools* are ever on the *laughing* Side ;
 And nothing easier is than to *Deride*.
 The Pert *Buffoon*, for *Mischief* only fit,
 Is but. at best, the *Jackanapes* of *Wit* :
 And sometimes Lash'd for his *Impertinence*,
 The *Fop* proves merry at his own *Expençe*.
 Such coarse rude *Freedoms* are not to be born.
Malice is less *Provoking* far than *Scorn*.

FRIENDSHIP's the highest *Elegance* of *Mind*,
 Few know to *Relish* Pleasure so *refin'd*.
 As POETRY can ne'er be *Learn'd* by *Art*,
 (For Heav'n the tuneful Talent must impart.)

and TRANSLATIONS. 65

So FRIENDSHIP seems a *Genius* to require,
Some *Spark* peculiar of *Celestial* Fire,
To guide our *Choice* by its unerring Light,
And wing our *Passions* in their noble Flight.
Where this bright Flame is kindled in the Soul,
It Mounts apace, and Spreads without controul.
The pregnant Seeds lye long perhaps conceal'd,
But O ! how fierce the Blaze, when once reveal'd !
Thus have we seen a secret wondrous Charm,
At the first View of one expos'd to Harm,
With fond Concern a *Stranger's* Breast alarm. }
The Call of NATURE, he with Joy obey'd,
Nor waited for *Reflexion's* slower Aid :
Swift as a Wish with *Extacy* he mov'd ;
And hurry'd to embrace the *New-below'd*.

When we consider, in this *Mortal* State,
How None are shelter'd from the Bolts of *Fate* ;
What sudden Storms arise within our Sphere,
And change the Face of the inverted Year ;

Methinks we should in *social Cares* unite,
 Nor add our *Indolence* to FORTUNE's *Spite* ;
 But by Compassion of our Brother's Woe,
 Engage his Help against the common Foe.
 And tho' alike the PULPIT and the STAGE,
 Have both debauch'd to *Rage*, or *Vice*, the Age,
 Yet e'en in *these flagitious factious* Days,
 Some I could Name (and such as all must Praise) }
 Whom this *Benign*, this *Tender* Spirit sways.
 To Merit *just*, to sad Misfortune *kind*,
 Now *Pity* melts, now *Zeal* inflames their Mind.
 But O ! in vain the grateful M U S E would aim
 Her *Duty*, or their *Bounty* to proclaim ;
 (To whom my Soul bends more devoutly low,
 Than *Mitred Hypocrites* at Altars Bow)
 My faint *Expressions* my *Ideas* wrong ;
 My *Heart*'s ill represented by my *Tongue*.
 Some *Features* seem to mock the *Painter*'s Skill.
 'Tis hard to draw a STANHOPE, or ARGYLL.



Le CHEVALIER sans soucis.

I.

LET *Whig* and *Tory*, WILL, Debate,
And in Defence of *Church* or *State*
Proclaim their *zealous Folly* ;
While we, ingenious for our Ease,
Contrive our own *dear selves* to please,
And banish *Melancholy*.

II. The

II.

The GAY the WITTY and the FAIR,
Are all the *Parties* worth our Care;
The Rest would but *Enslave* Us.
Let Us adore the GOD of *Wine*,
Submit to BEAUTY's *Right Divine*,
And trust to *Chance* to save Us.





*In Imitation of CATULLUS,
ad Seipsum.*

*Miser CATULLE desinas ineptire,
Et, quod vides perisse, perditum ducas.*

PRithee, PACK, the *Strife* give over,
Yield a *Game* you can't recover.

Once, 'tis true, thy *Days* were *Fair*,
Free from *Clouds* of jealous *Care* ;

When the lovely loving MAID

All thy *Vows* with *Warmth* repaid ;

With a Thousand Ways of *Toying*,

Still *Inviting*, never *Cloying*.

Once, indeed, thy *Days* were *Fair*,

Free from *Clouds* of jealous *Care* ;

But since grown *Coquet* and *Vain*,

She rejects thee with *Disdain*.

Quit

70 *Original* P O E M S

Quit the *Fickle, False, Ingrate* ;
And revenge her *Scorn* with *Hate*.

Well ! from hence I'll break my *Chains*.

LOVE adieu, and all thy *Pains* !

LESBIA too, perhaps, may *Mourn*,

When *Neglected*, in her *Turn* ;

When she sits whole *Nights Alone*,

Sought by *Few*, *Believ'd* by *None*.

Who will now that *Bosom* Press,

Mad with *Joy*, and *sweet Excess* ?

Who will *Mark* those *Lips* with *Kisses* ?

Who *Dissolve* in *riper Bliss*es ?

Well ! at length I've broke my *Chains*.

LOVE adieu, and all thy *Pains* !





The LOVER'S Parting.
To a French Air.

I.

SHE. **H**ARK! the Trumpet sounds to Arms,
O fatal Noise!

Hark! the Trumpet sounds to Arms,
Adieu my Joys!

Ah! the thousand Fears I prove,
For thy *Life*, and for my *Love*.

II.

HE. Cease thy Complaints, and dry thy Tears,
My Charming Maid!

Cease thy Complaints, and dry thy Tears,
Nor Fate upbraid.

Heav'n that makes Mankind its Care,
Guards the *Brave* to serve the *Fair*.

L

STANZA



STANZAS.

To the Tune of COLIN'S COMPLAINT.

I.

YE NYMPHS who frequent those sweet Plains,
 Where THAME's gentle Current doth glide,
 Who whilom have heard my glad *Strains*,
 Nor grateful *Attention* deny'd.
 With Pity, ye FAIR, O reflect
 On the cruel *Reverse* of my *Fate* !
 See *Constancy* paid with *Neglect*,
 And *Fondness* rewarded with *Hate* !

II.

How *joyous* and *gay* was each *Hour*,
 How wing'd with soft *Pleasures* They fled,
 E'er shipwreck'd on HUMBER's dull Shore,
 By LOVE my poor *Heart* was betray'd !

For

and TRANSLATIONS. 73

For there the *Deceiver* doth dwell,
Whose Charms have so long been my Theme:
In *Beauty* the MAID doth excel,
But is *Fickle* and *Wild* as the *Stream*.

III.

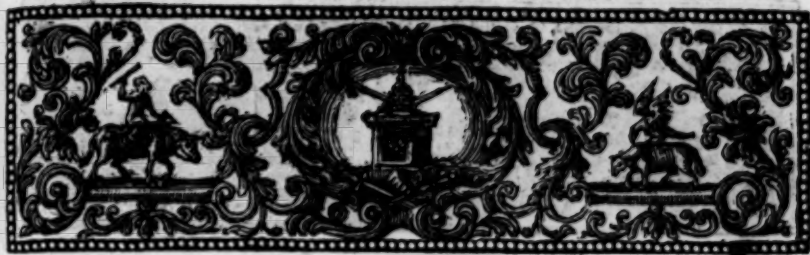
If Averse to my *Courtship* at first,
S H E had *check'd* my *fond infant Desire*,
Her *Coldness* had left me less *curst*,
And, perhaps, had *extinguish'd* my *Fire*.
But a thousand *false Arts* S H E employ'd,
(*Ingenious* and *wanton* in *Ill*)
The *Passion* S H E *nurs'd* S H E *destroy'd*;
And only *Created* to *Kill*.

IV.

Yet tho' S H E *delights* in my *Smart*,
Tho' S H E *robs* me of all I held *Dear*,
Revenge is below a *brave Heart*,
I wish *Her* a *Lot* less *severe*.

May the *Swain* S H E shall Crown with Success,
By his *Kindness* Deserve to be priz'd :
'Twould *Double*, methinks, my *Distress*,
At last to see H E R too *Despis'd*.





To Lady KATHARINE MANNERS.

Upon her Commending and Singing the foregoing
STANZAS.

INSPIR'D by LOVE, *my tender artless Strains*
Have oft, in *lonely Shades*, amus'd the Swains:
But shunn'd to venture on a *Publick Scene*,
The COXCOMB'S *Envy*, or the CRITICK'S *Spleen*,
Now more assur'd the modest POET *Writes*,
Since YOU vouchsafe to *Sing* what HE *Indites*.
When BRITAIN'S fairest NYMPH approves my
(*Lays*,
Dull were Their *Censure*, and as *vain* Their *Praise*.
Your *Favour's* all the *Fame* my VERSE wou'd
(*boast*;
The MUSE will share the *Merit* of the TOAST.
To

and TRANSLATIONS. 77

GERMANIA *there* was fav'd by CHURCHILL's

(Deed;

And BRITAIN *here* by CAMPBELL's Arm was

(freed;

Who can to CAMPBELL's *Worth* a *Verse* refuse?

What *Nobler Subject* for a PATRIOT-MUSE?

Of late the *Bigotry* of our *dull Times*,

Had sunk the *Dignity* of *Sacred Rhimes*.

Mock-Triumphs only then supply'd our *Scenes* :

Pacifick-GENERALs and *Pious-QUEENS*.

O vindicate the *Majesty* of *Verse* !

And loftier *Things* in loftier *Song* Rehearfe.

Describe ARGYLL in all his *Glories* dress'd ;

A *Godlike Soul* in *Human Shape* confess'd :

Like Fair ADONIS *Beautiful* and *Young* ;

Like Great ALCIDES *Valorous* and *Strong* :

In CAMPS *Experienc'd*, and in COURTS *Refin'd* ;

Like FATE *Resolv'd*, and yet as WOMAN *Kind*.

If HEAV'N, *indulgent* to my *duteous Zeal*,

Had bless'd me with some *Portion* of *Thy Skill*,

In

In *Verse Immortal* should the H E R O shine,
 And MILTON's *Thunder* had been drown'd in mine.
 But I, alas! a *lower Theme* must chuse,
 (An *Ardent*, but an *Unsuccessful M u s e* !)
 Content in *humbler Numbers* to commend
 The *Gen'rous PATRON*, and the *Tender FRIEND*.



A Bur.



*A Burlesque Imitation of the First
Ode of HORACE.*

To my Friend Captain ANTHONY HINTON.

HINTON, whose *happy-humour'd* FACE
Proclaims thy *gen'rous jovial* RACE ;
Frequent thou hast observ'd at *Feasts*,
The various *Tastes* of diff'rent *Guests*.
This 'SQUIRE in VENISON is a *Glutton*;
That swears the Prince of Meats is MUTTON.
EAST-SAXONS stick by *kindred* VEAL,
And PORK to TAR is DUCK and TEAL.
H—*S* will forsake good BEEF and MUSTARD,
To run a muck at *filthy* CUSTARD ;
And THEE I've seen, with *Paunch* of YEOMAN,
Quilt CHEESECAKES like a very WOMAN.

M

PUD-

PUDDING the PARSON still *commends*,
 And DUMPLING too has many *Friends*.
 Yet oft in vain an honest Host,
 May lavish forth *Boil'd, Bak'd, and Roast* :
 Some *travell'd* For, more *Nice* than *Wise*,
 Shall *wholsome* *Luxury* despise,
 And rise from Table in Disdain,
 For want of RAGOUTS and CHAMPAIN.
 To me, whom Frugal NATURE meant
 A Fool on *easier Terms* content,
 Nought comes amiss that Fate assigns,
 SOUPS, HASHES, FRICASSES, and CHINES :
 But, since each Man will chuse his *Dish*,
 If I too might indulge my *Wish*,
 When in the circling Annual Dance
 NOVEMBER shall her *Ides* advance,
 To grace my BIRTH-DAY ev'ry Year,
 TURKEY shall Crown my *Bill of Fare*.





The RETREAT.

To * * * * *

WHILST within the *silent Grove*,
Favour'd by *Auspicious LOVE*,
YOU in *PEACEFUL TRIUMPHS* Reign,
All the *Trophies* all the *Spoils*,
(Tho' so *Pompous*) seem but *Vain*,
That *Reward* the *WARRIOR's Toils*.

See the *cheerful Hours* advance,
Unmolested in their *Dance* !
Busy Hopes, and *Anxious Care*
Change not *here* by turns the *Scene* :
All your *DAYS* are *cloudless-Fair* ;
All your *Ev'NINGS* are *Serene*.

On Bright *CYNTHIA's Bosom* laid,
CYNTHIA for *Incantment* made !
 Through a *World of Sweets* you rove,
Unconfin'd as wanton *Air* :
 When did e'er *AMBITION* prove
Jays so *Tempting*, so *Sincere* ?

Let the *Storms* of *adverse FATE*,
Fright the *RICH*, and *Shake* the *GREAT* ;
 Let the *WAVES* *tumultuous* rise ;
 In *That HARBOUR* *YOU're Secure* :
Hid from *FORTUNE's prying Eyes*,
HE's most *HAPPY*, who's *OBSCURE*.



ESSAYS



ESSAYS

ON

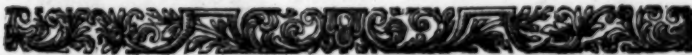
Study and Conversation.

In Two LETTERS

TO

DAVID CAMPBELL, Esq;

Who desired me to give him some
RULES in Writing for his future
CONDUCT.



ESSAYS
ON
Study and Conversation.

In Two Letters

TO

DAVID CAMPBELL, Esq;

Who desired me to give him some
Rules in Writing for his future
Conduct.



ESSAYS

ON

STUDY and CONVERSATION.



LETTER I.

of STUDY.

IPSWICH, *June 1714.*



Can never enough Applaud the
Resolution you have taken, my
Dearest *CAMPBELL*, to dis-
tinguish your self from the
Herd of idle young Fellows
about the Town, by making a
right Use of That Leisure you at present enjoy,
to the Improvement of your REASON, and the
Form-

86 *An ESSAY upon STUDY.*

Forming of your MANNERS. The UNDERSTANDING, like a *tender PLANT*, requires Pains to *Raise* it, and Care to *Preserve* it. Yours hath, 'tis true, all the Signs of *Health* one can desire; and if we may guess at the *Fruit* that is to be expected from its *riper Seasons* by the *Blossoms* it puts forth in its *Spring*, your Friends have a great deal to Hope, and little to Fear for you. Yet this ought not to tempt you to Negligence, or Supineness: It should the rather encourage your Industry in continuing to cultivate it; that it may Grow, and Spread, and Flourish, and become, in Time, not only an *Ornament* to *Your Self*, but a *Shelter* to *Others*.

Now there are *Two Ways* only by which we can Pretend to Advance Ourselves in *general Knowledge*, namely, by STUDY and CONVERSATION. When we joyn *Both These* together, we give the last Perfection to our *Judgments*: But if we trust to Either of Them *singly*, we are sure to be Mised. They who live shut up in their Closets, and secluded from the Commerce of Mankind, can have but very narrow and contracted Views of Things. They will be apt upon all Occasions, from *probable Suggestions*, to make *Universal Conclusions*; and Fond of the Schemes they had erected in their
own

own Heads, get an Habit of *Positiveness*, *Moroseness*, and *Self-sufficiency*. On the other Side, when We give up all our Time to Company, We grow, by Degrees, as it were *Strangers to our own Thoughts*; Change our *Opinion* as we do our *Acquaintance*; and, Governed less by *Principle* than *Example*, frequently Sacrifice *Virtue* and *good Sense* to *Complacency* and *Fashion*. It is necessary now and then to *Retire*, that we may *Recruit* our Minds by *Books*; and it is as useful sometimes to mingle in *Society*, to *Exercise* them by *Discourse*. But if We Over-charge them with the *First*, We shall abound with *Crudities*: If We are constantly engaged in the *Latter*, We must be soon *Exhausted*. The Want of Discretion in *This Point*, is the Cause we meet with so many SCHOLARS who are PEDANTS, and so many MEN of FORTUNE who are BLOCK-HEADS.

BUT Reflexions at large have seldom any other Effect than to Amuse. We must make our Applications Directly, when we intend they should take Place. I shall therefore lay out the rest of my Thoughts on this Subject with regard to *Your particular Circumstances* and *Genius*. I shall consider you as *a young Gentleman*, who

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have no Design to devote your self either to **LETTERS**, or **BUSINESS**, as your *Profession*; but who would indulge your *Taste* for the One by *Reading*, and improve your *Talent* for the Other by *Observation*; who would not be altogether an idle Dreamer in the *Philosophical*, nor a restless Adventurer in the *Ambitious* World: One who, upon the whole, prefer *good Sense* to *Learning*, *Prudence* to *Politicks*, *Agreeableness* to *Popularity*. This is the *Idea* I have form'd of **YOU**; and according to *This Plan* I shall Propose the *Materials* that seem to me the most Proper for your Purpose.

TO begin then with the *First Article*, That of **STUDY**. The **BOOKS** I would recommend to your Perusal, as most subservient to the Ends above-mentioned, are of *the following Kinds*: **DIVINITY**, **MORALITY**, **NATURAL** and **CIVIL HISTORY**, **LOGIC**, **RHETORIC**, **POETRY**, and the *lighter Compositions* of **WIT** and **GALLANTRY**. I shall just Touch upon each of *These Heads*, and, having marked out the *Roads* through which you are to *Travel*, will leave it to your own *Choice*, where to make your longest *Stay*, and exercise your greatest *Curiosity*.

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I. DIVINITY is the *Knowledge of those Matters* which RELIGION makes *necessary* for us to *Believe* and *Practise*. And This certainly Deserves our *most serious Attention*. It is justly thought a *Disgrace*, and is always found an *Inconvenience* to be *Ignorant* of the *L A W S* of one's *C O U N T R Y*. But much more *Scandalous* is the *Neglect*, more *Fatal* will be the *Consequences*; if we live in *Ignorance*, or *Contempt* of those of *G O D*; and such we should esteem RELIGION to be. The many *Sects*, indeed, that have prevailed by Turns, or at the same Time in different Parts of the World, so inconsistent with *E A C H O T H E R*, and yet *A L L* asserted with *equal Confidence* and *Pretence* to *D I V I N E A U T H O R I T Y*; have inclined some Men, in all Ages, to look upon RELIGION as the *Craft of Priests*, or an *Invention* of designing *Politicians*. But THESE UNBELIEVERS have, for the most Part, been found to be Men of light Minds, and profligate Manners. The Vanity of the *I D O L* should not make us Renounce the *D E I T Y*. And supposing even that the Being of a *P R O V I D E N C E* were a Thing in doubt, on whatever side of the *Question* the *Truth* may lie, the *Importance* of it is such, that we ought, at least, to allow it a *fair Enquiry*.

RELIGION may be divided into *Natural* and *Revealed*. The Former hath been more generally Agreed among Mankind than the Latter. But They who have Leisure and Abilities should search into the *Principles* of BOTH; and not owe their *Opinions* to *Chance*, or the *Fashion* of the *Place* where they Live. There are two *Treatises*, one writ by Bishop WILKINS, the other by Archbishop TILLOTSON (which stands at the Beginning of his Works) That may supply the Want of all others upon the First Head. And in These you will find all the Proofs the Nature of the Subject can admit, urged with such clear and solid Reasoning, as cannot, I think, fail to establish your Mind without wavering. As to *Revealed* RELIGION (I mean the *Christian*) GROTIUS hath undertaken to defend the *Truth*, and LOCKE the *Reasonableness* of its *Institution* and *Doctrine*. Besides These, you will do well to read DU PIN upon the *Canon* of the SCRIPTURES, and then proceed to *Examine* and *Compare* the SCRIPTURES Themselves; and, where you shall be at a loss about the Sense, consult the *Commentators*; among whom POOLE, HAMMOND and WHITBY, are reckoned in the first Class.

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However, give not up your Belief implicitly to any of their Interpretations, but follow your own Reason in the last Resort. From hence you may descend to take a View of the Constitution of the CHURCH of ENGLAND in its *Articles* and *Catechism*. Several Learned Pens have been employed in giving Expositions of Both ; as Bishop BURNETT, Bishop BEVERIDGE, and Archbishop WAKE. It will not be amiss likewise to Read those Authors who have distinguished themselves upon the Points in Controversy between the *Established Church* and the *Roman Catholicks*, or any other *Dissenters*. Archbishop TILLOTSON hath, with great Sharpness of Wit, and Strength of Argument, managed the War against the *Papists* ; and the *Cases of the LONDON Divines* (of which Dr. BENNET hath published an excellent Abridgment) are a Magazine where the most useful Weapons may be found that can be employed against the *Nonconformists*.

II. MORALITY treats of What is *Fit*, What is *Decent*, What is *Commendable* in *this World*, not What is *Necessary* to *Salvation* in the *Next*. It maketh *Virtue* the Effect of *Wisdom*,
and

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and *Happiness* the Reward of *Virtue*. The Ancient **HEATHENS**, both **POETS** and **PHILOSOPHERS**, have left behind them many admirable *Monuments* of their *Wit* and *Learning* upon *This Topick*. The *Satires* and *Epistles* of **HORACE** are an Instance of One kind; and the *Offices* of **TULLY** are esteemed a Masterpiece in the Other. **THEOPHRASTUS**, **EPICETUS**, **ANTONINUS**, and **SENECA**, are held in universal Veneration. These have all been *Naturalized*, and taught to speak our **LANGUAGE**. After these Reverenced Names of **ANTIQUITY**, I will take Leave to mention the **MODERNS** of our own **NATION**, who have Excelled in this Way, and insinuated their *Instructions* in the most *Familiar* and *Delightful* Manner; I mean the Authors of the **TATLER**, **SPECTATOR**, and **GUARDIAN**.

III. **NATURAL HISTORY**, is a Subject upon which I shall chiefly refer you to the *History of the Royal Society*, compiled by the Famous Bishop **SPRAT**, where you will meet with the best Account of the Use of *Natural* and *Experimental Philosophy*, delivered in a *Style* that is the the most perfect *Model* of *English Eloquence*. There are several other Pieces writ before and since

since the Publication of that Work, by Members of the same Society, which are equally Curious and Useful.

IV. CIVIL HISTORY is, of all other Parts of Learning, the most agreeable Amusement to an idle Man, and the most instructive Entertainment to a Man of Business. Our Curiosity is perpetually Awakened by somewhat *New* and *Diverting*; and the Remarkable *Examples* of *Persons*, and *Events* of *Things* that occur in Books of This Nature, Beheld in their true Springs of Action, suggest to us many profitable Reflections for our *Conduct* both in a *Publick*, and a *Private* Life. It is a common Complaint, that our Countrymen have succeeded worse in this sort of Writing than any other. Mr. MILTON, indeed, and Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE have cleared the Way, by their *Introductions*, to a *General History* of ENGLAND; and we have the Accounts of some particular *Reigns* from very good Pens, most of which are mentioned in the Preface to Sir W. TEMPLE's *Introduction*; and the Number of those hath been lately augmented by the Noble Labours of the Lord Chancellor CLARENDON. But many Periods of our Story remain so Disguised, or Mangled in the
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same or fabulous Relations that have been given of them, that we are left extremely in the Dark about those Times in Matters even of the greatest Concern ; and we want some Comprehensive Genius to go through the Whole, and thereby do Justice to a Nation, that hath not only Always made a very considerable Figure in the *Northern* Quarter of the World, but hath, by Turns, extended its Conquest in almost all the different Parts of it. To make what we have more Advantageous to You, I would advise you, when you read the *Lives* of any of our *KINGS*, to read at the same time the *Laws* that were made during their Reign ; the *Wisdom* and *Greatness* of a *PRINCE* appearing as much by his *Institutions* at Home, as by his *Exploits* Abroad. You ought likewise to acquaint your self with the History of our Neighbouring Kingdoms and States ; such more especially with whom we have been long in *Alliance*, or *Commerce*. *MEZERAY*'s History of *France*, and *MARIANA*'s of *Spain*, are reputed the Best. The Life of *HENRY* the Fourth of *France*, writ for the Use of *LEWIS* the Fourteenth, by his Preceptor the Archbishop of *Paris*, is an incomparable Piece. There are several other Lives, writ by different Authors, that may deserve your Perusal. If you desire to
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have a general View in a small Compass, *PUFFENDORF* will give it you in his *Introduction*. I pretend to say nothing of the *Greek* and *Roman* Historians, the Character of those few that are extant being commonly known, and the best of them translated into *English* or *French*. As for the *Originals*, you will not, I believe, find Leisure or Inclination to make your self Master of them, especially the First. The Epitome of the *Roman History*, by Mr. *ECHARD*, and the *Antiquities* of *Rome* by Dr. *KENNETT*; as likewise those of *Greece*, by Bishop *POTTER*, ought to have a Place in your little Library, and will be of use to you in explaining many things that you may be at a Loss, without their Assistance, to understand in the general Course of your Reading.

UNDER this Chapter of HISTORY, tho' in an inferior Order, may be ranked MEMOIRS, TREATIES of *Peace* or *Alliance*, LETTERS, and Publick ACTS of Ministers of State, of which there is greater Plenty in the *French* Language than in any other. Sir *W. TEMPLE*, and the Earl of *ARLINGTON*'s Letters, are of this kind in our own. The Observations upon the *Netherlands*, publish'd by the First of those

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Great Men, discover the Author's Penetration and Skill in *Politicks* ; but the many Changes that have since happened in that *Republick*, both as to the Form of its *Government*, and the Extent of its *Dominions*, will oblige you to have Recourse to later Accounts.

V. LOGICK is the Art of *Reasoning* ; and I do not know a better Guide to set you right in That Way than Mr. LOCKE's *Essay on Humane Understanding*. But you will do well to read the *Third Book* first, That being more familiar to a young Beginner than the *Two Former*.

VI. RHETORICK is the Art of *Speaking Elegantly*. But the best Method to attain that, is not, I think, to study *Rules* ; but to converse with the *Writings*, and be Present frequently at the *Discourses* of the Greatest Masters. We want not in our own Nation many Noble *Orators*, who have Triumphed at the *Bar*, in the *Senate*, and the *Pulpit*. I need not tell you who are looked upon as the Ornaments of the Two First. But You having been, perhaps, less inquisitive after those who have gained the most Applause in the Last, I shall give you a List of some Few (among many more that might be

be named) who tho' they are not all Living, their Works will never Die; viz. Archbishop *TILLOTSON*, Sir *WILLIAM DAWES* the present Illustrious Archbishop of *York*, the Learned and Excellent Bishop *SMALRIDGE*, the late Bishop *SPRAT*, Mr. *YOUNG*, Dr. *BRADY*, Bishop *BURNETT*, Dr. *SCOTT* Bishop *ATTERBURY*, and Dr. *CRADOCK*, (see his incomparable *Sermon on Providence*, preached before King *CHARLES II.*) If you would go farther, and desire to know what were the mighty Talents that made *CICERO* and *DEMOSTHENES* so Powerful in their own Countries, and so Admired in all others, Read the *Comparisons* of the Judicious *RAPIN*, and his Treatise of *Eloquence*, where you will find an Extract of all that is valuable in the Books of the Ancient *Rhetoricians*.

VII. Of POETRY, considered as an *Art*, I shall say nothing, there having been so many Excellent Writers who have treated of it under its several Species. I will only Point out to you some of the principal Poets of our *own*, and the *FRENCH Nation*, and leave you to satisfy your Enquiry more at large from *DRYDEN*, *BOSSU*, *DACIER*, *RAPIN*, *ROSCOMMON*, and *POPE*.

THE first in Dignity among our POETS in the *Epic* Way is without dispute MILTON; but in reading Him, you must give a more than ordinary Attention. The Height of the Subject, the Variety of Learning that is interspersed through the whole Work, the Obsoleteness of many of his Terms, and the Length of his Periods, will soon make him grow Tedious to an Indigent Reader; but the longer you *Contemplate*, the more you will *Admire* his *Beauties*. After you have carefully perused Him, and made your *own Remarks*, which always set down in Writing, though you fling them away afterwards (for it will, should it be of no other Advantage, teach you to express your Thoughts *clearly* and *pertinently*) Read what has been published by the *Criticks*, who have writ either in his *Commendation*, or *Censure*. Thus you will have the Satisfaction to find your *Judgment* in some places *confirmed*, in others *informed*, and many *Hints* started that may be of Use to you in Reading him again. But if you consult his *Criticks*, before you have impartially considered your *Author*, you will run the Hazard of being *Prejudiced*; or, however, will not be able to distinguish your *own Observations* from *Those* of other People.

SPENSER and COWLEY are POETS too of the *Heroic* Order ; an Account of the *Writings* of the Last hath been given us with his *Life*, by the Incomparable Bishop SP RAT.

THE FRENCH have nothing that ever I heard to be worth Reading in this Kind.

TRAGEDY may justly claim the next Honour to the *Epic* ; and the Greatest *Genius* we have had in this Way was certainly SHAKESPEAR. But he is not without His Faults. He often quits the *Buskin* to trip about in *Pantoffles*. No Man could live in those Days without his *Quibble*. STATESMEN and BISHOPS punn'd for *Preferment* ; while the ROYAL EXAMPLE led them into That *Emulation* : It is not therefore surprizing that a *Stage-Poet* should fall in with the Humour of the Court. It is more to be wondered that he could Reach the admired Heights he did, and Where he will always reign unrival'd, than that he should, in Complaisance to the vicious Taste of the Age, sometimes Descend below himself. In raising *Pity* (one of the great Ends of TRAGEDY) OTWAT has shewn more Skill than any of his
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Contemporaries. There is somewhat inexpressibly moving in the *Suffering Parts* of his *Orphan*, and his *VENICE Preserved*. And he hath that Characteristick, that *HORACE* thinks so necessary to a Tragic Poet who would succeed, that is, to seem *sincerely affected* by *those Passions* which he intended to *excite* in his AUDIENCE. There are some other late Authors, who are in every one's Hands, that enjoy a very just Reputation for this kind of Writing. Among the FRENCH, *CORNEILLE* and *RACINE* have excelled.

FOR COMEDY, *BEN. JOHNSON*, *BEAUMONT* and *FLETCHER*, are celebrated Names. But to confess the Truth to you, I have never read any of them since I was able to judge of their Characters; so have only mentioned them in Passing.

CONGREVE of all the Moderns, seems to me to have the rightest Turn for COMEDY. In all his Plays there is a great deal of *Lively* and *Uncommon Humour*, and such as yet, for the most part, is a *Picture of true Life*. Besides, he hath raised the Vein of *Ridicule*, and made the STAGE, which had been too much prostituted

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to the Mob, *edifying* to Persons of the first Condition. And as his *Fable* is *Diverting*, so is it wrought according to the *strictest Rules*. WYCHERLY abounds in *Wit* and *Satire*. ETHERIDGE is *Polite*. SOUTHERN is remarkable for the *Purity* of his *Diction*, and VANBRUGH's *Dialogue* is extremely *Easy*, and *well-turn'd*.

MOLIERE is acknowledged the greatest Genius the FRENCH have ever had for COMEDY.

FOR SATIRE, DRYDEN, ROCHESTER, and BOILEAU, have excelled all the Moderns. The First of which Great Men distinguished himself in almost every Kind of POESY, and, at the same Time, deserves no less to be admired for the *Correctness*, and *Harmony* of his PROSE. But in his POETICAL Works, as his *Beauties* are allowed by all to be very *Great*, so his *Faults* are confessed by the most *Partial* to his *Fame* to be very *Numerous*.

UPON the Subjects of LOVE and PANEGRICK, Mr. WALLER hath writ
better

better than any Man. He hath at once a *Fancy* the most *elevated*, *Sentiments* the most *delicate*, and a *Judgment* the most *correct* of all our Poets. He was the First who *reformed* our *Verse*, and his *Numbers* will *last* as long as our *Language*. Sir JOHN DENHAM's *Cooper's Hill* has rendered him Immortal.

THE DISPENSARY of Sir SAMUEL GARTH hath *Lost* and *Gain'd* in every Edition. Almost every Thing he left out was a *Robbery* from the Publick: Every Thing he Added hath been an *Embellishment* to his *Poem*.

Mr. PRIOR hath joined to a natural good *Genius* an happy *Imitation* of the *Ancients*, and the most elaborate *Care* in his *Compositions*. One may discover, that the *File* and the *Chiffel* have been often employed in bringing his Works to the Perfection in which we now Behold them.

Mr. ADDISON is Graceful, Easy, Natural, and Just. There is nothing Redundant; nothing that looks like Impropropriety in him. He Shapes his Thoughts with the greatest Exactness, and yet they are the freest from Constraint that
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can be. HIS CHARACTER of the ENGLISH POETS is a *fine Piece*, where he hath not only described their several *Excellencies*, but imitated their different *Styles*. His POEM intitl'd *The CAMPAIGN*, his EPISTLE from *ITALY* to the late Earl of *HALIFAX*, his TRANSLATIONS from *OVID*, his *CATO*, his LATIN POEMS, and, in a word, every Thing we have of *His Fashion*, shews the *last Hand* of a Great MASTER.

BUT there is a Noble Author whom I have not yet mentioned, whose POEMS it would be Thought a *Disgrace* not to have Read, and a much Greater not to have Read THEM with *Admiration*. For The Man must certainly be as *Insensible* of the Pleasures of LOVE, as of the Charms of WIT, who can look on *MYRA* with *Indifference*; or survey the PROGRESS of BEAUTY, as Described by MY LORD LANS-DOWN, without *Rapture*.

AMONG the MISCELLANIES that were published by Mr. DRYDEN, there are many TRANSLATIONS, and some ORIGINAL POEMS by very good Hands. But I remember *Three little Pieces*, that infinitely pleased

me when I read them. One is a *SONG* by the late Earl of *DORSET*, and begins thus, *May the Ambitious ever find*, &c. The other are Two *LYRICS* by the Earl of *ROCHESTER*.

1. *An Imitation of CORNELIUS GALLUS.*
 2. *APOLLO's Lamentation for the Death of HYACINTH.* I own, I had rather have been the Author of *These Three Copies of Verses* than of All *TOM BROWNE's Works*, tho' very Few of them are without *Wit*. But a *CUPID*, or a *VENUS* of *RAPHAEL URBIN*, or *CORREGGIO*, is worth a whole *Auction* of modern *PRETENDERS*.

VIII. I come now to consider the *last Article* of the first *General Head*, The *lighter Compositions* of *WIT* and *GALLANTRY*.

AND here I shall content my self with giving you a few *Reflections* upon those *Authors*, who have been the most shining in this Way, among the *MODERNS*. At the Head of these, I think, I may justly place *St. EVREMOND*: The Delicacy of whose *Sentiments* in *FRIENDSHIP*, in *LOVE*, in *LUXURY*; his happy Turn for genteel *RAILLERY*; his courtly *MANNERS*; the *Propriety*, *Clearness*, and *Beauty* of his

his **STYLE**, are Proofs of an extraordinary *Genius*, an uncommon *Observation*, and a *Commerce* with the *First* of *Mankind*. He who deserves the next Rank to him, is a *Countryman* of *his own*, One who was his *Contemporary*, and had been his *Friend* and *Fellow Adventurer* in **LOVE** and in **WAR**, I mean **BUSSE RABUTIN**, Author of *Les Amours de Gaule*; which Book, though it is writ pretty much in the *Spirit* of *Lewdness*, hath a Thousand irresistible *Graces* that are *Chaste*, and *Unfalsified*. The **CHARACTERS** are *Fine* and *Masterly*, the **RAILLERY** *pleasantly severe*, the **RELATIONS** full of entertaining *Variety*, and the **LANGUAGE** hath the utmost *Purity*. But it is rare to meet with a *correct Copy*.

THERE is no Sort of **WRITING** in which a Man hath a freer Scope to shew his **WIT**, his **HUMOUR**, or his **GALLANTRY**, than in his **LETTERS**: And of these the *French* have published the *largest Collections*. The **AUTHOR** I last mentioned, hath left behind him no less than *Seven Volumes*, of which the *First Four*, particularly those addressed to *Madam SEVIGNY* (whose **ANSWERS** too have an equal *Merit*) are writ in the most *natural, easy, and un-*

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affected Manner, and may serve for a *Pattern* of just *Writing* to all who would succeed in the *Familiar Way*. Nor must I pass by, on this Occasion, my *old Favourite VOITURE*, whose *Manner*, though it be very *different* from That of the *Gentleman before-mentioned*, is no less *Gallant*. He is, I own, the *AUTHOR* in the *World*, who can always put me into *good Humour*. The inimitable *Turns* of his *Wit*, even upon the most *barren Subjects*; his *Droll-Mirth*, his *Quotations* so *happily* applied, free from any of that *Pedantry* so offensive in most others who mingle the *learned LANGUAGES* with their *own*; his *Skill* in that hardest Part of *GOOD BREEDING*, *Complimenting the LADIES* (where he never runs into *common Place*) and *Flattering the GREAT* (where he never descends to *Servility* or *Meanness*;) in short, the *Generosity*, as well as *Gaiety* of his *SOUL*, runs through all he writes, and makes one not only read him with *Admiration*, but *Affection*. I doubt not but the *Last*, and this *Present Age*, hath produced many Persons among *our selves*, whose *Entertainments* in this Kind, had they been made *Publick*, might have vied with the *Best* of those of our *Neighbour Nations*. But whether it be from the *Modersty* of the *AUTHORS*, who were con-

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tent with pleasing their *Friends* and *Mistresses*, without the *Vanity* of letting the World into the *Secret* of their *Familiarities*, or *Intrigues*; or from the *Genius* of our PEOPLE, who are generally *Grave*, and less *Inquisitive* after *Pieces* of WIT, than the more useful *Works* of REASON; or from whatever other *Cause* it may proceed, so it is, that the ENGLISH have not many *Collections* of FAMILIAR LETTERS that are of any *Value*. We have indeed some *Few* of the *Witty* Lord ROCHESTER, but *Those* very imperfect, and mangled. I have seen some *Others* in the MISCELLANEA AULICA that have a *right Turn*; among which there are *Five* or *Six* writ by King CHARLES the Second, during *his Exile*, to Mr. BENNETT, afterwards Earl of ARLINGTON, That give a TRUE IMAGE of the *careless* and *disengaged Temper* of *That happy-humoured Monarch*. I will add to *These* a small Volume of *Letters*, writ by the late ingenious Mr. WALSH, (whose DEFENSE too of the FEMALE SEX added very much to the *Reputation* of his WIT, though not much, I believe, to his *Conquests* among the LADIES.) But the Best *Letters* I have met with in *our Tongue* are those of the celebrated Mrs. PHILIPS: They are Addressed to
Sir

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Sir CHARLES COTTEREL, *Grandfather*, I suppose, to the *Gentleman* who bears that *Title* at present. As they are directed all to the *same Person*, so they run *All* in the *same Strain*, and seem to have been employed in the Service of a *refined* and *generous FRIENDSHIP*. In a word, they are such as a *WOMAN* of *Spirit* and *Virtue* would write to a *COURTIER* of *Honour*, and *true Gallantry*. I don't know whether I have *Many* of *my Opinion*, but I must declare they please *my Taste extremely*. But if you would be entertained with some that are more *Luscious*, let me recommend to you the *SYLVIA* and *PHILANDER* of Mrs. BEHN.

I am unwilling to Dwell longer on *This Subject*, lest at a Time, when I have been criticising upon other *People's LETTERS*, I should grow *Tedious*, and want an *Excuse* for my *Own*. I shall Defer to my next what I have farther to offer to your Consideration: And am ever with the greatest *Truth* and *Affection*,

Yours, R. P.





LETTER II.
OF
CONVERSATION.

Dear DAVY,

STOKE-ASH in Suffolk, Aug. 11. 1714.



N unforeseen Accident occasioned this *long Interval* between my *Former* and *This Letter*, in which I had promised to give you my Thoughts upon the other *General Head*, under which I had ranged the few *Rules of Advice* I proposed for your Observation, namely, CONVERSATION. And here I shall only fling together a few occasional Reflections, without pretending to treat a *Subject in Form*, THAT demands a long Practice of the World, and the finest Discernment

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cernment for the *just Management* of it. Sometimes it hath happened, that a *loose Hint* from a FRIEND hath had a quicker Effect upon the Mind, than the *formal Precepts* of more *finished Discourses*, which are often compos'd in *Ostentation* rather of the WRITER's Wit, than for the *Benefit* of the READER. But to proceed:

THERE is certainly nothing that hangs so strong a Bias upon our *Inclinations*, or *Understandings*, as CONVERSATION. The *Thoughts* of an AUTHOR many Times escape us in a *transient Reading*; and when we allow them a *closer Attention*, the *Impressions* they make are *Faint*, in Comparison of *Those* that are accompanied with *Action*. The very *Humours* and *Passions* of the *Persons* with whom we constantly associate, *mingle*, as it were, with *our Souls*; and we *slide insensibly* into their *Principles* and *Practices*.

IT hath been observed of ATTICUS, CICERO, and HORTENSIUS, the Three Wisest Men in their Time among the ROMANS, that the same Persons, who were their *Friends* in their *old Age*, had been their *Familiars* in their *Youth*. The *Habitudes* we make at *our first*

An ESSAY upon CONVERSATION. 111

first setting out, have, doubtless, a very great Influence on *our future Journey*. But how difficult is the *Choice*? How easy the *Mistake*? While PLEASURE, PREJUDICE, and FLATTERY all conspire to *Blind us*.

I. THE Pursuit of PLEASURE, during *our Youth*, doth very much pervert us in the *Choice* of our COMPANIONS. Our *Desires* are then the *Strongest* and most *Violent*; and we *oppose*, or *run counter* to every Thing that seems to *Baulk* them. We *wantonly refuse* as *Flat* and *Tasteless*, tho' never so *Sound* and *Nourishing*, whatever doth not *tickle* our *capricious Appetites*. Thus the MAN of BUSINESS shall pass for a DULL PLODDING FELLOW, the SCHOLAR for a PEDANT, and WHATEVER carries a Face of Gravity or Sober Manners, become the Subject of our Scorn or Raillery.

II. PREJUDICE is very apt to infect the Minds of *Young People*, and mislead them in the *Judgments* they form of *Others*. The *Warmth* of their CONSTITUTIONS makes them *Eager*, and *Want* of EXPERIENCE makes them liable to *Mistakes*; while, having met with *few Misfortunes* to mortify the *Pride* of Heart that is

Q

natural

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natural to *Youth*, their *Inclinations* or *Aversions*, though never so ill-founded, are not easily *Removed*.

BUT, *Thirdly*, What *blinds young People* the most is FLATTERY. Besides the *Vanity* that is common to all *Men*, and lays open even the most *Discerning* to Attempts of this Kind, the *Frankness* and *Good Nature*, which are usual among the *younger Sort*, render them less *Suspicious*, and consequently more *Unguarded*, than Those who have lived *longer* in the World, and known more of the *Arts* of it. They therefore receive the *Commendations* of the *Unskilful*, and the *Caresses* of the *Self-interested*, without calling in Question the *Judgment* of the ONE, or the *Sincerity* of the OTHER.

THE *First Thing* then I would recommend to You, is, always to carry this *Reflection* in your Mind, That THERE IS EVER SOMEWHAT LIKE PRIDE THAT ACCOMPANIES REAL MERIT. Men of *That Character* make but very *slow Advances*, and never pursue *Strangers* with Offers of *Intimacy*. When therefore you meet with any One, who opens his *Cabinet* to you at once, You may almost venture to conclude,

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clude, it contains nothing but *Trifles*. This is not, however, so established a *Maxim*, but that we see sometimes, tho' very rarely, in Exception to it, *Two Persons of good Understanding STRIKE OUT A FRIENDSHIP*, as it were, *at a Heat*: Yet then this happens from some *lucky Agreement* of their *Sentiments* and *Studies*, or from some *generous Overture* of *real Service*, That sufficiently distinguish it from the *LUST OF FANCY*, or the *ARTIFICE OF FALSE PROFESSORS*.

ANOTHER Consideration that ought to be of Weight with you, to direct you not only in the *Choice* of your *COMPANIONS*; but to *qualify your self* for *COMPANY*, is This, THAT NO CONVERSATION CAN LONG BE PLEASING, THAT IS NOT, IN SOME DEGREE, PROFITABLE. We may be Fond for a while of the *Gay*, the *Giddy*, and the *Frolicksome*; but we shall find, in Time, that there must be a *Sound Head*, as well as a *Cheerful Heart*, to make the Entertainment lasting. It is not a Man's *Person*, or *Fortune*, or some *fashionable Impertinence* in his *Talk*, (which with the unthinking passes for *Wit*) that will protect him

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from the *Contempt* that never fails to fall on Cox-combs in the End.

LET *Party* in RELIGION never enter into your *Choice* of a COMPANION. The Marks of *Right* and *Wrong* in Matters of *Opinion* are very uncertain, and can never be settled by Men equally Fallible. I would therefore always prefer the *Conversation* of a HERETICK of good *Sense*, to *That* of the most ORTHODOX Blockhead in CHRISTENDOM.

TRUTH is the *First Quality* to be regarded in a Person with whom one *Converseth*. Without *That*, WIT is often *Pernicious*, and PLAIN-
SANTRY is always *Forced* and *Unnatural*.

CONVERSATION is no doubt the best *Reformer of Manners*. But in order to make it be serviceable to *That End*, we should study the peculiar *Vices* and *Infirmities* of our own *Natures*. It is not enough we CONVERSE with only such who are of a *Valuable*, the Skill lies in *choosing* such as are of a *Proper Character*. If the *Complexion* of our TEMPER be *Splenetic* or *Melancholy*, we should enliven it with the *Mirthful* and the *Sprightly*. If we are Apt to run in-

to

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to indecent *Levities*, we should correct That Irregularity by associating with the *Grave*. If we have a *rougher Cast of Mind*, or are conscious of any Thing *shocking* in our *Humour* or *Address*, we should wear off that *Rust*, and endeavour to *polish* our selves, by frequenting the Company of such, who are distinguished for their *Complaisance* and *Good-Breeding*.

THAT Thing called *Good-Breeding*, is too much neglected among the *English*. Our COUNTRYMEN think it sufficient if they are possessed of the more *solid Virtues*, without the *Ornaments of Life*. But this is certainly a *Mistake*. Many an Affair has miscarried by the neglect only of some small *Circumstance* or *Ceremony*. In short, the WORLD is like other *Mistresses*, and we must *Dress at Her*, if we expect to *Gain Her*.

THERE is a bewitching *Softness* in some Men's *Civility*, that is strangely *Reconciling*. It disarms one's *Caution* at the first *Encounter*. And they may be said to *Look*, rather than to *Reason* a Man into their *Opinion*.

Forwardness

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Forwardness in CONVERSATION, doth always *Disgust*; but *Affurance* is *Necessary*: For Want of *This* it hath often been observed, that Four or Five *Englishmen* have met together, and not one of them hath dared to break the Ice in half an Hour. Besides, the *Sinews* of REASON shrink, and GOOD-SENSE looks out of *Countenance*, when delivered from the Mouth of a *Baseful Man*.

A *Numerous Acquaintance* is *inconvenient*, because by that Means you may be drawn into Engagements which you shall afterwards Repent, though not easily get clear of; (for nothing is so difficult, as to shake of a *Fool*, or a *Knave*, who hath once crept into ones *Familiarity*;) nothing but downright declaring War, and that is not always Expedient, can free you from the Incumbrance of such *useless* or *designing Allies*) and as a *numerous Acquaintance* is *inconvenient*, a *numerous Company* is *Unedifying*. It is a Kind of *Chaos*, and nothing *Beautiful* can arise from such *Jarring Elements*. But a *General Acquaintance* is always *improving*, and a *General Conversation* *diverting*: For there we enjoy *Variety* without *Hazard*, or *Confusion*.. To be linked in the
So-

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Society of one particular Order of Men, must narrow our VIEWS, and warp the UNDERSTANDING. This is very remarkable among the *Students* of our *UNIVERSITIES*, and *INNS OF COURT*. *THE ONE* imagine *REASON* to have no *Authority*, but in the *Chair* of *ARISTOTLE*; while the others think *SHE* is never so well employed, as when she is *Putting of Cases*. In like manner, to be perpetually insisting upon the *same Topic of Discourse* is tiresome to a *liberal Mind*, that is still impatient after *new Discoveries*. We should, in this, imitate the *Prudence* of those *Merchants*, who having but a *small Stock* of their own to set out with, make a *Trading Voyage* from *Port to Port*, and by exchanging the *Commodities* of one *PROVINCE*, or *COUNTRY*, for those of *Another*, bring back at last *vast Returns* for *THEMSELVES*. Thus we too may make our *Advantage* by conversing *Promiscuously*, with Men of *Ability* in their several *Professions*, We shall learn from every one somewhat that is either *Useful* to our selves, or *Acceptable* to Others. If any Thing I have here suggested can be so to *YOU*, I shall think the little Time I have bestowed on *These Reflections* very well spent. I have forbore to enlarge them, because I know the *Present Turn* of *AFFAIRS* entertains you
much

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much better, than any Thing could do that
my SOLITUDE can produce. Believe me up-
on all Occasions, and in all Places, MY DEAR
CAMPBELL,

Your Affectionate

Humble Servant,

R. P.



E P I T A P H

For my dear Friend David Campbell, Esq;

Sprung from an Ancient, and Illustrious Line,
(O may it to *Eternal Ages* shine !)

Here * lies Interr'd a much lamented YOUTH,
For *Sense* Distinguish'd, and Esteem'd for *Truth* :
Whom Heav'n had fashion'd with *peculiar Care*,
And form'd the *Darling* of the BRAVE and FAIR.

To the *rich Talents* NATURE did impart,
He joyn'd the *fine Embellishments* of ART :
Yet liv'd as much *Unenvy'd*, as *Admir'd*.

But ah ! how soon alas his LIFE expir'd.
The *Noble Plant* was dress'd in *Beauty's* Pride ;
Gaily it Bloom'd, but in the *Blooming* dy'd.

Ye VIRTUES mourn ! ye LOVES and GRACES weep !
And round Your VOTRY's Urn strict VIGILS keep !
And you, SWEET MAIDS, who lately *Bless'd* his
(*Charms*,
Tho' he no more must *fold you in his Arms*,

Cherish the *Dear Remembrance* in your HEART,
And let no FOP intrude *where CAMPBELL* had
R (a *Part*.

* In St. James's Church Westminster.



FAMILIAR LETTERS.

T O

Colonel WILLIAM STANHOPE.

Dear Sir,

OCTOB. 4. 1714.

TH O' after Addressing Two Letters to you just before, it may seem Impertinent to trouble you so soon with a Third, yet I cannot resist the Temptation of giving you Joy upon the *late Promotions* ; in which I hope you may find your *Interest*, as well as your *Inclination gratified*. While the rest of the World are *making their Court*, upon *this Occasion*, in *Town*, I am content here in the *Country* to read the *Triumphs* of my FRIENDS twice a Week in the *Gazette*. My *Ambition* at present is turned *quite another Way*; and all *my humble Endeavours* are directed to *Please the FAIR*. There is a little *Papist Villain* in the Neighbourhood, ('tis a Defect in our Language, that the Termination of the *Adjective* doth not mark the *Gender*, but you are to understand

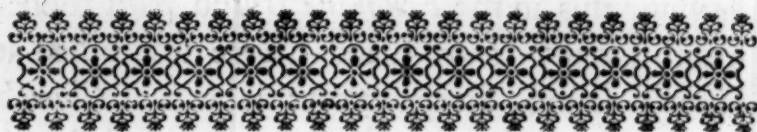
derstand this in the *Feminine*) who hath robbed me of my my *Heart* ; and I have scarce had an Hour's sound Sleep, except it was at *Church*, these Two Months. I know that all this is *very Ridiculous* ; and that an HALF-PAY OFFICER ought no more to be in *Love* than a COMMON WHORE. People of such *Precarious Subsistence* should give into no *Passion* that is not supported by *Gain*. But when INDISCRETION cheats us in the Shape of PLEASURE, *who can escape the Snare ?* I have *this Comfort* still in Reserve—— that, as I have an HEART *entirely ENGLISH*, it is odds I shall not continue Two Months longer in the *same Mind*. There is *one Instance*, however, of my *Constancy*, that will never, I am sure, be *impeached* : I wish indeed it were not clogged with the *Obligations* you have laid upon me, and then you would know it is as much upon the Account of *your Personal Merit*, as any *Favours* you have *conferred* on ME, that I profess my self,

S I R,

Your most Faithful

and Obedient Servant,

R. P.



To a Y O U N G L A D Y, who told me,
the Army had no Religion ; and chal-
lenged me to shew her a P R A Y E R,
that had been made by a Soldier.

M A D A M,



I was always with the greatest Atten-
tion that I received the Honour of
your Commands, and it is an equal
Pleasure to me, when I am employ-
ed to execute them : But the Task you imposed
upon me last Night, was what, I confess, sur-
prized me. In a Visit where I hoped to have
been entertained as a *Lover*, I little expected to
be consulted as a *Divine* ; nor did I believe you
would have had the Curiosity, instead of hear-
kening to the Faithful *Vows* I was addressing to
YOU, to enquire about those I made to HEA-
VEN. As St. PAUL became *All Things* to *All*
Men that he might gain *Some*, so I find too (I
speak it under all the Restrictions of Modesty)
that

that a Man must become *All Things to all Women*, if he would pretend to *Succeed* with *Any*. It is an unaccountable Prejudice, that prevails of late against our PROFESSION; and particularly among the FAIR SEX, who seem to judge that *Virtue* and *Vice* consist rather in the *Dress* of a TRIBE, than the *Habit* of the MIND. The PRAYER I send you inclosed, (which I give you my Word of Honour, was made by a SOLDIER) will, I hope, convince you, there are some MILITARY MEN who deserve not to be *Excommunicated* from the *chastest* DRAWING-ROOMS. I shall submit to your LADY MOTHER, whether the AUTHOR, or her CHAPLAIN be the better CASUIST of the Two: But when the Question shall arise about a GALLANT, I beg you to believe, you'll never find one, who is with more *Devotion* than my self,

M A D A M,

Your most Faithful, &c.



A SOLDIER'S PRAYER.

O GOD, thou Searcher of Hearts, and Judge of all Men, before whose Awful Throne we should tremble to Approach, did not thy Mercy make thy Justice less Terrible ; look down, I beseech Thee, with Favour and Compassion upon me, miserable Sinner ! Pardon my Offences, and pity my Infirmities. Be not extreme to mark my Follies : *For in thy Sight shall no Man living be justified.* Remember, I am but poor Dust and Ashes, the Child of Vanity, and the Sport of Passions. Without thy Aid, O Lord, all our Endeavours after Righteousness are Fruitless, all our Wisdom empty Pride, all our Happiness Delusion. Do thou enlighten therefore my Mind, and sanctify my Heart, that I may Know and Practise the Things that *belong to my Peace.* Redeem me from the Bondage of my Sins, and raise me to the Fellowship of thy Saints. O let not the many and repeated Instances of my Guilt provoke thee to withdraw from me the Assistance of thy Holy Spirit. But accept of my unfeigned Repentance ; second my Resolutions of Amendment ; and secure me from
the

the Danger of a Relapse. Particularly, O Lord, guard me from the Temptation of * ——— which I have so often committed, even after the clear Conviction, and professed Abhorrence of my own Conscience, and thereby merited thy most heavy Displeasure. *Set thy Law ever before me*, that the Terror of thy Threats may restrain me from Vice; and the Encouragement of thy Promises incite me to Virtue. Make my Obedience to thy Will my Delight, as well as my Duty; that I may serve Thee with Purity and Truth; not by Starts only, when Afflictions may humble me, or the Eye of the World observe me; but in a Constant, Uniform, and Sincere Devotion, without Lukewarmness, without Hypocrisy.

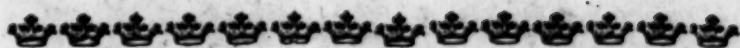
After thy Spiritual Graces, in the second Place, I beg a Blessing upon my Temporal Concerns. Prosper my honest Endeavours in that Station wherein thy Providence has placed me in this World. Give me the Benefit of Health, and the Quiet of Contentment in all my Fortunes. Protect me from all open Violence or Injuries, and defend me from the *Arrows that fly in the dark*,
the

* Here mention those Sins to which you are most subject by Nature, or evil Custom.

the Backbitings of a malicious, and the Flatteries of a deceitful Tongue. Bless all my Relations and Friends. Forgive, and reconcile my Enemies : Teach me to make a right Use of Both ; that the Malice of the One may awaken my Caution, and the Kindness of the Other confirm my Constancy. Let me not live wholly Unprofitable in my Generation. Give me the honest Ambition of deserving well of as many as I am able. In all my Aims, Desires, and Hopes, let me consider the Dignity of my Nature, and study to promote the Glory of thy Name.

Lastly, As in Duty bound, I offer up my most hearty Praise and Thanksgiving for all thy Mercies and Benefits vouchsafed to me, thy unworthy Servant: For my Creation, Preservation, amidst all the Dangers with which I have been encompass'd; and for all the Comforts and Advantages of this Life: But above all, for the glorious Prospect of a Better, through the Merits of thy Son, my Redeemer. To whom with Thee and the Holy Ghost be ascribed, &c.





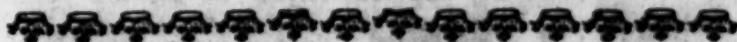
TRANSLATIONS

FROM

Catullus, Tibullus, and Ovid :

WITH

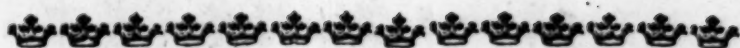
An ESSAY upon the ROMAN
ELEGIAC POETS.



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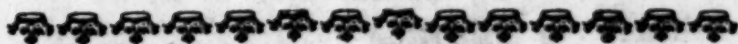
TRANSLATIONS

FROM

Catullus, Tibullus, and Ovid :

WITH

An ESSAY upon the ROMAN
ELEGIAC POETS.



TRANSLATIONS

FROM

Cicero, Tibullus, and Ovid.

WITH

An Essay upon the Roman

Electric Poets.



A N
E S S A Y
U P O N T H E
Roman E L E G I A C P O E T S.



HAVE Wondered, that among
so Many who have Busied or
Diverted Themselves in *Trans-*
lating the Ancient *Classick* P O -
E T S, so Few have thought the
Writers of E L E G Y Worthy
their Pains, or Amusement. I cannot but Be-
lieve that *These* have succeeded as happily in
their Way, as the *Others*, and that They may
be Read with no less *Advantage* than *Pleasure*.
For my own Part, I can affirm, that when at
any time my Mind hath been ruffled by some
S 2 *peevish*

peevish Accident or Disappointment, I have always found my Temper sooner Composed by taking a Turn with *TIBULLUS* in my Hand, than by having recourse to the *Lessons* of *PHILOSOPHY*, or the *Precepts* of *DIVINES*. Whatever is very *solemn*, carrieth with it, I don't know how, somewhat of *Constraint* : And it frequently happens by an unlucky Disposition either in the *Pupil*, or the *Preacher*, that *Those* severer Kinds of *Discipline* (I speak not This with the least *Irreverence*) serve rather to *Punish*, than *Reform* Us. It is perhaps no Difficult Matter to *Convince* One of the *Reasonableness* of This or That *Action*, but the *Secret* lies in *Engaging* One in the *Practice*. It is a *Memorable Sentence* of a *celebrated MORALIST* This,

*Virtus est vitium fugere, & Sapientia prima
Stultitia caruisse* ————— | Horat.

“ It is the *Beginning* of *V I R T U E* to *Depart*
“ from *V I C E* ; and the *First Step* towards
“ *W I S D O M* is to *Forsake* our *F O L L Y*.”
May it not as justly be said, The *First Step* towards *HAPPINESS* is to *Forget* our *MISERY* ? The best Method to bring *That* about is not, I presume, by *Alarming* the *THINKING FACULTY*, but by *Soothing* and *Lulling* to *Rest* our too *Active* and *Unquiet REFLECTIONS*.

Whilst

Roman ELEGIAC POETS. 141

WHILST Our poor tottering BARK continues in This Uncertain Voyage of Life, and is so often kept out at Sea in rough and stormy Weather, far from the sight of any Hospitable Shoar, the Soul, its PASSENGER, cannot sure but feel a mighty Satisfaction arising within, when she finds Herself afterwards Stealing, as it were, away under smoother Courses, and borne gently down the Tide of TENDERNESS in soft and easie Gales of PASSION.

THERE is a Charm in VERSE that never fails agreeably to Affect a Heart that is rightly placed: and there is, in my Opinion, something peculiarly moving in the VERSES of That Good-natured Class of POETS CATULLUS, TIBULLUS, PROPERTIUS, and OVID. There are but Few Pieces of CATULLUS, it is true, that can strictly be ranked among Those of the ELEGIAC ORDER: But whenever HE doth Touch upon the softer Subjects of HUMANITY, his Sentiments have the utmost Propriety and Delicacy; and therefore I could not but mention HIM among His Companions. They were, All Four, Men of Family and Condition in their Country. Their Inclinations led Them naturally to PLEASURE,
and

and Their *Good Sense* to a Discovery of the *Knavery* of BUSINESS; and the *Vanity* of AMBITION. The *Three Former* may be said to have Been as *extraordinary* a TRIUMVIRATE, as, perhaps, any Age hath Produced, I mean in an *Idle Way* of Life : *Polite* in their MANNERS ; *Easie* in Their FORTUNES ; *Successful* in Their AMOURS ; *Happy* in *each Other's* ACQUAINTANCE ; *Beloved*, in general, while They LIVED ; and universally *Lamented*, when They DIED. As for OVID, He was certainly Master of all the *fine Qualities* and *Accomplishments* that could be desired in a GENTLEMAN. But having Offended AUGUSTUS, either by Happening to be an *Unexpected Witness* of that EMPEROR's *Love-Intrigues*, or else by too *lasciviously* Describing His Own (which was the *Crime* Pretended) He was *Banished* from ITALY in his *Fiftieth* Year ; and Languished out the Remainder of His Days at TAMOS (the Modern TEMESWAER as some think) There are I believe but two Instances in Story of a *Punishment* like *This* for What, at the worst, could be called *only* an *Indiscretion* : One in the Person of OVID, The Other in That of RABUTIN. Their *Masters* were equally *Absolute*, equally *Wise*, and equally *Jealous*.

FROM

FROM this Little Draught of *Their Characters*, One may judge how *Edifying* any of *Their Compositions* must needs be to an *Elegant Understanding*. And, indeed, What *Sincerity* in FRIENDSHIP, What *Fondness* in LOVE, What *Kindness* to RELATIONS, What *Instances* of *All the Social VIRTUES* do We not meet with in *Their Writings*? Not to mention a thousand Ornaments of *Wit*, a wonderful *Sweetness*, and easy *Cadence* in their *Numbers*, and so True a *Picture* of Life, that one can scarce Fancy the *Scene* to lye at the *Distance* it is placed.

THERE is *One Objection*, which I must not pass over, and that is generally charged upon *These POETS*: I mean, *Their* too great *Licence*, and *Obscenity* in *Their Ideas* and *Language*.

To This I would Reply, That if upon some Occasions, They seem not to have been very *Scrupulous* about the *Terms* They made use of in Communicating their *Amorous Adventures*, it ought not to be imputed to a *Scandalous Singularity* in THEM, but to the *Common Indulgence* of the AGE in which They Flourished. HORACE must Plead *Guilty* to the
same

same Indictment. Nay, VIRGIL Himself, as Applauded as HE is for His Modesty, hath left many Expressions in His ECLOGUES that might be Argued of Wantonness. After All, the whole Matter will turn upon this Single Point. A Person whose Principles are Uncorrupted may freely Converse with These AUTHORS without Danger of Infection: And for Such who have more Wickedness than Wit (the Greatest Curse that can befall a FOOL) their senseless Vice will tempt Them to Pervert even the most Sacred Things to the vilest Purposes. However, though All their POEMS may be Read in the Originals with Safety, I do not pretend to say They can All be Translated with Decency. But since Many of Them may, it is Pity, I think, We have not More of Them in ENGLISH, to Enrich our Language with a Variety of Pleasing Images, that are as Innocent, as they are Delightful.

THERE is One Difficulty that will still lye upon the Hands of Any who shall Undertake this Work, and This ariseth from their frequent Allusions to the Ceremonies and Notions of Their RELIGION. Instances of This abound even in
Those

Roman ELEGIAC POETS. 145

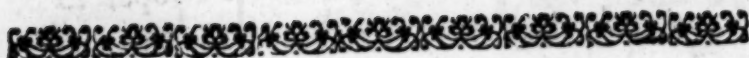
Those Copies of their Verses that are writ the most in the *Spirit* of LEWDNESS : (as SUPERSTITION hath ever been an *Especial Bawd* to LUST) But for All such as are Proper to be *Translated*, they may be Rendered by a few *Explanatory Notes* not only *Intelligible*, but very *Entertaining*, to a *meer* ENGLISH Reader.

WHAT I have here delivered, is not said with Design to Talk into Credit any little Attempts of Mine, (whose Passion for a *Muse* never yet came to be a serious Affair) but to Recommend the Performance to some Body who hath more Leisure, as well as Better Abilities for such a Work.



T

TRAN.





TRANSLATIONS
FROM
CATULLUS, TIBULLUS, &c.



TO *LESBIA*.

CATULL. Carmin. XXIX.

*Ille mî par esse Deo videtur,
Ille, si fas est, superare Divos.*

BLEST as th' *Immortal* GODS, and far more
(*Blest,*
(Their careful *Providence* disturbs Their Rest)
Is the fond YOUTH, who, gazing on Thy Face,
Adores each *dawning Smile*, each *rising Grace*;

T 2

And

148 TRANSLATIONS.

And sits and listens to thy Charming Tongue,
 Whose *Speech* is Tuneful as the *SYREN's Song* !
 Struck with the pow'rful *Magick* You dispense,
 My *Soul's* disarm'd of ev'ry *Guardian Sense*.

A *liquid Fire*, piercing as *Light'ning's* Flame,
 Darts through my *Veins*, and loosens all my Frame.
 My *languid Eyes*, and *fault'ring Voice* confess
 That *NATURE* faints beneath the *sweet Excess*.
 Wrapt in *Amaze*, *Confus'd*, *Intranc'd* I lye,
 Lost in *soft Transports* of *Extatick Joy*.

Wanton *CATULLUS* ! idly dost Thou Rave !
 Art THOU then sunk to be a *WOMAN's Slave* ?
Sloth and *Luxurious Ease* are Dang'rous Things.
 Beware — they oft have ruin'd mighty *KINGS*.
 Those *Suns* (when *Love* does once th' *Ascendant*
 get)

Who Rose in *Glory*, in *Dis honour* Set.





*The Fourth ELEGY of the Second
Book of TIBULLUS.*

*Hic mihi servitium video, dominamque paratam.
Jam mihi libertas illa paterna vale.*

I See my Fate— I Own the *Tyrant Dame*—
Freedom adieu ! That vain Paternal Claim.

But *Hard's* the *Bondage* that the *Slave* constrains,
Whom *LOVE*, like *Me*, for *ever* binds in *Chains* !
Offend, or *Merit*, equal is my *Smart*.

Cease, cease thy *Tortures* ; spare a *bleeding Heart*.
Better, than thus in sad *Despair* to moan,
Transform'd on some bleak Mountain to a *Stone*,
Or on the naked Beach a *Rock*, sustain
The *Storms* of *Heav'n*, or *Fury* of the *Main* !

My

150 TRANSLATIONS

My Days no *Peace*, My Nights no *Comfort* know.
 Each Hour's *imbitter'd* with the *Dew* of *Woe*.
 My tender ELEGIES in *tuneful Pray'r*
 Have oft *assail'd* the *unrelenting* FAIR :
 But *Deaf* to MUSICK's soft *Perswasive* Pow'r,
 No *Charm* can melt Her but a *Golden Show'r*.
 Farewell then PHŒBUS, and the MUSES' *Quire* !
 'Twas not to Sing of *Wars* I tun'd my *Lyre* ;
 Nor to Describe the *Travails* of the SUN ;
 And *swift-revolving* *Labours* of the MOON.
 One *Wish* Alone invok'd your *sacred Aid* —
 To *smooth* my *Passage* to the *scornful* MAID.
 But since *Wealth* only can *Admittance* gain,
 By *Glorious* *Mischief* *Riches* I'll obtain.
Murder — or *Rob---* yes *Rifle* ev'ry *SHRINE* ;
 And my *first Violence*, VENUS, be on *Thine* !
 THOU ! that *Assign'd* the *mercenary* *Jilt* ;
Inspir'd — and *Pleas'd* beheld the *thriving* *Guilt*.
 Curst be the Man (His *Pride* hath *Fatal* been)
 Who first *display'd* th' EMERALD's *sprightly* *Green* }
 The TYRIAN *Dye*, or COAN *Bombacine* ! }
These

from TIBULLUS. 151

These are the *Baits* that Tempt the *Fickle* SEX ;
And *Lovers Joys* with *Rival Cares* Perplex.
Thus WOMEN Learn't (by *Truth* secur'd Before)
With *Dogs* to Guard, with *Bolts* to Lock the Door.
Presents, alas ! are *Passports* still o'course ;
No *Dogs* then Bark, no *Bolts* resist *their* Force.
The *Plagues* are endless that afflict Mankind,
When HEAV'N trusts *Beauty* to a *Venal Mind*.
Hence *Broils* ensue ; Hence slighted Youths *Blas-*
(pheme :
Hence CUPID's grown so *Infamous* a Name.
But may the *Wretch* who *meanly* can *Despise*
For sordid *Pelf* True *Love* (the *noblest Prize*)
See in fierce vengeful *Flames* her *Treasures* blaze ;
Or *Winds* disperse the *Heaps* her *Treach'ries* raise.
And when she *Dies*, neglected will she Fall ;
By None *Regretted*, who had *Cheated* All.
Far diff'rent Fate the gen'rous Nymph attends,
Whom *Kindness*, and whom *Constancy* commends.
Belov'd

Belov'd while *YOUNG* ; *Esteem'd* when past her
 (BLOOM ;
In AGE Rever'd ; and *Worshipp'd* in the TOMB.
 Some *Good old MAN*, Remindful of the *Charms*
 That once had made Him *Happy in Her Arms*,
Tearly shall *Visit* her Distinguish'd *URN*,
Fresh Garlands strow, or *Grateful Odours* burn.
Just is the *Cause*---- but ah how *Vain* to *Plead* !
 For *LOVE*, at last, will have *His Laws* obey'd.
 With all my *Spleen* (should *NEMESIS* Command)
 Content I'd sell th' old *Mansion Seat*, and *Land*.
 Nay more, could All the *Drugs* *THESSALIA* bore,
 Or wild *MÆDEA* brew'd on *PONTUS*' Shore,
 Be *Mix'd* together in one *baneful Cup*,
 To gain a *Smile* from *HER*, I'd *Drink it up*.





*The Thirteenth E L E G Y of the
Fourth Book of TIBULLUS.*

To His MISTRESS.

*Nulla tuum nobis subducet femina lectum.
Hoc primum juncta est fœdere nostra Venus.*

Think me not *False* to the *First Vows* I made;
Nor that some *Fairer She* may wrong Thy
(Bed.

The *Boasted Arts* of All the *Sex* are Vain :

Their *Smiles* no *Pleasure* give, their *Frowns* no
(Pain.

U

Alone

154 TRANSLATIONS

*Alone YOU Charm Me. But, beholding THEE,
A Thousand more, perhaps, are Charm'd, like ME;
And O! I wish (let Love the Wish attune)
That THOU wer't Charming in my Eyes Alone!
Vain-glorious Fops, of Envy'd Blessings Proud,
Expose their Treasure to the Rival Crowd;
Delight in idle Show, and empty Noise :
The Wise in Silence brood upon their Joys.
To Forest Wilds I cou'd with THEE retreat,
Where never Path was worn by Human Feet.
No CLIME can low'r, where your Bright Looks
. (appear ;
No Place seem DESART, when my LOVE is there.
Nay, I attest Thy JUNO's sacred Pow'r,
(JUNO the Guardian of the NUPTIAL Bow'r,)
Tho' Tempted by some BEAUTY of the Skies,
The Heav'n that BEAUTY profer'd I'd Despise.
What have I said ? Fool that I was to Swear,
Or fondly satisfy thy Jealous Fear !*

Safe

Safe from Alarms, You *now* will urge your Sway,
(Ah Babling Tongue that did my Heart betray !)
No Hopes of *Liberty* to Me remain :
But I, a *Slave Profess'd*, must Drag your Chain,
Lo *VENUS* ! at thy *Altar* Bound I lye.
O *Gentle GODDESS* Guard Thy VOTARY !





THE
NOONING.

From OVID, BOOK I. ELEGY V.

*Æstus erat, mediamque dies exegerat horam :
Apposui medio membra levando toro.*

'T WAS Summer, and, with sultry Heat oppress'd,
At Noon I laid me down in Bed to Rest.
The Curtains of my Window, slightly drawn,
Let in a doubtful Beam, that look'd like Dawn;

Or

Translations from OVID. 157

Or the faint *Glimm' rings* that through *Forests* play ;
Or *Twilight twinkling* at the *Close of Day*.

Such *pretty Masquerades of Light and Shade*
Suit with the *Blushes of a Wishing Maid* ;
And serve, with *Decency*, to usher in
Ladies who dread the *Shame*, but love the *Sin*.

CORINNA lo ! appear'd, in *loose Array*,
Adown Her *Neck* her *comely Tresses* stray :
Like *Great SEMIRIMIS* Her *Figure* shew'd ;
Like *LAIS* *smiled*, as *Lovely* and as *Lewd*.
I seiz'd Her *Gown*, and broke thro' *that Defense* ;
(The *slender Outwork of Unguarded Sense*)

At first she *struggled* ; but 'twas plain to see,
She *Fought* for *Honour*, not for *Victory*.

Stript of Her *Robe*, and *Naked* to my *View*,

How *Faultless* was Her *Make* ! Her *Shape* how
(*True* !

What *Arms* I *saw* and *felt* ! What *Plump round*
(*Breasts* !

And how they *Heav'd* ! ---- as *Longing* to be *Prest*.

How

158 TRANSLATIONS.

How firm Her Thighs ! How smooth Her Belly rose
 Beneath Her slender Waste ! The Rest----suppose.
 Beauty and Youth in their full Vigour shone ;
 And close I Clasp'd Her Body to my Own.
 Spent with Excess of Joy Intrans'g'd We Lay :
 Give me such NOONS, ye Gods, to ev'ry Day.



The



The LOVER Militant.

From OVID, BOOK I. ELEGY IX. Ending at
the 32d Verse.

*Militat omnis amans, & habet sua castra Cupido:
Attice, crede mihi ; militat omnis amans.*

CUPID and MARS are GENERALS *Wise* and
(*Bold* :

Trust me, Dear Friend, the *Parallel* will hold.

In *Both* their CAMPS alike succeed the YOUNG :

LOVE Courts the *Gay*, and VICT'RY Crowns
(the *Strong*.

The OLD in vain their *Useless Weapons* wield,

Fumblers in *Bed*, and *Cripples* in the *Field*.

Re-

152 TRANSLATIONS.

Recruits for Each are Chose with equal Care,
And None should dare to Woo, who cannot War.
With Frequent Duty, and with Watching spent,
(The LOVER at the Door, the SOLDIER at the Tent)
On their cold Posts Both lie whole whole Nights
(Awake ;
And often, long and toilsome Marches make.
O'er Hills, through Floods, in Cruel Frost and
(Snow,
They seek a MISTRESS, or Pursue a FOE.
No Distance tires, no Hazard can Affright ;
The Danger serves but to Provoke the Fight.
In hostile CAMPS the CHIEFS employ their Spies :
And LOVERS watch their Rival LOVERS Eyes.
FORTS are Approach'd by Mine, or Took by Storm :
LADIES Won--- Sword in Hand, or else in Form.
Your active PARTISANS, in Ambush laid,
Surpriz'd in Sleep their Enemies invade :
(As by Finesse the GREEKS did once Destroy
The Troops that RHESUS brought to Succour
(TROY.
 Th'

Th' *Alert Gallant* does thus with *kinder Rage*,
 While the dull *Husband* *snores*, the *Wife* engage.
 Yet sometimes *Both* Defeated of their Aim,
Repuls'd by *Guards*, *Retire* with *Loss*, and *Shame*.
Doubtful alike's the Fate of *Arms* and *Love* :
 The *Vanquish'd* oft, at last, the *Victors* prove.
Disgrace befalls as well the *Great* as *Small*;
 And *Those* scarce *Rise*, you'd swear could never *Fall*.
 Let None then Think that *Love's* a Sport for *Boys*,
 He must *Drudge* hard, Who gains its utmost
 Joys.





THE
RING.
A PRESENT to His MISTRESS.

From OVID, BOOK II. ELEGY XV.

*Annule, formosa digitum vincture puella,
In quo censendum nil, mihi dantis amor.*

GO little RING, and may'st Thou *Welcome*
(prove,
Not for *Thy Value*, but the *Donor's Love*.
Go little RING, and while the wanton MAID
Well-pleas'd surveys Thee on *Her Joint* display'd,
Tell Her, *Thy Circle* was contriv'd with Art,
The *Type* of One That *fits* a *Better Part*.

Happy

Happy who now Her *Lilly Hand* shalt Grace!
 O how I wish my--- *Person* in Thy Place!
 Then I should oft Her pretty *Bubbles* feel;
 And sometimes too, perhaps, might lower steal,
 Slide off her *Finger* down her glowing *Breast*,
 An *Unsuspected*, but a *Busie Guest*.
 Or when She seal'd some tender *Billet-doux*,
 And wet the *Gem* to make th' *Impression true*,
 Admitted to those *Charming Lips* of *Bliss*
 In *rosie Dew* I'd snatch a *Luscious Kiss*.
 A Part in any *Office* let me share:
 But to be laid aside — I could not bear:
 My *Orb* contracted to a narrow'r *Space*
 Would closer *Cling*, nor quit its strict *Embrace*.
 You need, Dear *Life*, no *Scruples* entertain:
 My *Figure's* no *Disgrace*, my *Weight* no *Pain*.
 Drest, or Undrest, You still may keep Me on;
 And ev'n in *Bed*, or *Bathing* wear *This Stone*.
 But yet, methinks, if *Naked* You appear'd,
 The *RING* wou'd soon into a *MAN* be rear'd;

162 TRANSLATIONS

Stretch'd in full Vigour every Member rise,
And the Bold LOVER act without Disguise.
Come, *This is Trifling*— Little GIFT Depart,
And tell HER that THOU bear'st with Thee My

Heart.



NO
You need, Dear Life, no scruples entertain:
My Figure's no Disgrace, my Weight no Pain.
Dust or Decay, You still may keep me on;
And even in Bed, or Bathing, wear this Stone.



ON THE
DEATH of TIBULLUS.

FROM OVID, BOOK III. ELEGY IX.

*Memnona si mater, mater ploravit Achillem,
Et tangunt magnas tristia fata Deas;*

IF THETIS Wept, Her Son ACHILLES Slain;
And HUMAN Ills can give IMMORTALS Pain;
O Sable *ELEGY! Thy Tresses loose —
Too justly now That Name becomes the MUSE.
Thy

The Name of One of the MUSES as well as of That Kind
of POESY over which She Presided, and in which TIBULLUS
excelled.

164 TRANSLATIONS

Thy *Glory* lost, Thy *Harmony* Deplore —

The *Gentle Soft TIBULLUS* is no more.

See ! the poor *Boy*, the *Child* of *VENUS* Mourns !

His Smother'd *Torch* no longer *Blazing Burns*.

His Empty *Quiver* hangs *Revers'd* — and, lo !

He droops His *Wings*, and breaks His *useless Bow*,

And beats his *naked Breast*, in rage of *Woe*.

Bedew'd with *Tears* his *Locks* o'erspread his *Eyes*,

And his *Dear little Heart* e'en *bursts* with *Sighs*.

In such *sad Plight*, with such a *Piteous Moan*

He *Wail'd* the *TROJAN Chief* his Mother's Son.

Nor does the *GODDESS* less Her *Grief* express,

ADONIS' Fate scarce gave her more *Distress*.

WHY do They *Flatter Us* with *Mighty Words* ?

Stile Us Divine ? Of *Fame* the *Sov'reign Lords* ?

Frail DEITIES, alas ! but of a *Day*,

Whom *DEATH's* cold *Hand* soon turns to *Common*

(*Clay*.

Say,

Say, what Avail'd it to the || BARD of *THRACE*
 His *Boasted Skill*? or His *Cœlestial Race*?
 That *HE* and *LINUS* own'd One *Heav'nly SIRE*?
 That *Beasts* grew *Tame* Admonish'd by His *LYRE*?
 † Ah *LINUS*! *LINUS*! in *Condoling Strains*
 The *Lofty PINES* Reply, the *SIRE* *Complains*.
 Add We to *His* the Great * *MÆONIAN* Name,
 Whose *Fruitful Fount*, feeds each *Poetick Stream*,
 Ev'n *HE* could not the least *Exemption* have.
 His *Works* indeed still *Triumph* o'er the *Graves*!
 In *Them*, tho' long since ruin'd, *TROY* survives;
 And Chaste *PENELOPE*'s *Example* lives.
 Thy Name too ** *DELIA*, ** *NEMESIS* and
 (Thine,
 Alike *Recorded* shall alike too *Shine*.

Thou

|| ORPHEUS.

† Instead of *Ælinon*, as it is usually Printed, it should be *αἰ. λίνον*, i. e. ah *Linon*. *LINUS* was Son of *APOLLO*, and Instructed *ORPHEUS* in Musick: But notwithstanding His high Descent and extraordinary Talents, Perish'd like a Common Mortal.

* HOMER.

** Fictitious Names under which *TIBULLUS* celebrated Two *ROMAN* Ladies who were His *Mistresses*.

166 TRANSLATIONS

Thou *DELIA* who his *earliest Love* didst share,
 And Thou sweet *NEMESIS* his *latest Care*.
 But, what's the *Fruit* now of *Our Pious Fears*?
Our Daily Sacrifice? *Our Nightly Prayers*?
 If *Good Men* suffer thus (Forgive me *JOVE*)
 Who can Believe a *Providence* Above?
 Nor *FAITH*, nor *PURITY* can stop *Our Doom*:
DEATH drags Us from the *Altar* to the *Tomb*.
 Is *VERSE* Thy *Pride*? See! where *TIBULLUS*
 (lyes—
 How small an *Urn* will *Those Remains* suffice!
 And have then *Fun'ral Flames* without controul
 Laid Waste the *Temple* of that *Tuneful Soul*?
 O *Perish*, *Perish* the *Rever'd Abodes*,
 The *Glitt'ring Temples* of the *Faithless GODS*,
 Who *Patient* could Behold the *Guilty Scene*,
 That drew ev'n *Tears* from *BEAUTY's Tyrant*
Queen.
 YET

*** Fictitious Names under which *TIBULLUS* celebrated Two
 ROMAN Ladies who were his Mistresses

YET thus 'twas Better, in his *Native Land* }
 To meet his Fate, than on a *Foreign Strand*, }
 Huddled in Dirt by some * *Phœacian Hand*. }
 His MOTHER here Her *kind Concern* could shew ;
 Close his *Dim Eyes*, and Give a last *Adieu* :
 His SISTER Testifie Her *tender Care*
 With *Hands Uplifted*, and *Dishevel'd Hair* :
 And the *Fair PARTNERS* in His HEART too prove
Rivals in Sorrow as before in *Love*.
 DÆLIA, Departing from the *Mournful Train*,
 Cry'd, " *Hapless Object* of my *Present Pain* !
 " I Charm'd THEE once, nor Charm'd THEE
 (then in vain ;
 " *Vigour and Joy Danc'd sparkling in thy Eyes*."
 Stung with the Thought, Proud NEMESIS Re-
 (plies :
 Y " Boast

* TIBULLUS attending MESSELLA in his Expedition to the EAST, was seiz'd with a Violent Sickness, and had like to have Died in the Island of *Corfu*, formerly called *Phœnicia*. See *Tibull. Lib. I. Eleg. III.*

168 TRANSLATIONS

“ Boast not the *Sallies* of his *roving Youth* :

“ * *His Last Faint Dying Grasp Confirm'd His*
(*Truth.*”

IF, when the *BODY's Dead*, the *SPIRIT* flies
To seek *new Seats*, and more *Indulgent Skies*,
TIBULLUS sure will *That ELYSIUM* find
Where Dwell the *Brave*, the *Virtuous*, and the
(*Kind.*
There *Learn'd* † *CATULLUS* shall Salute His
(*Ghost,*
And *Gen'rous* || *CALVUS* meet Him on the Coast.
There

* *TIBULLUS* in his First Elegy, the Latter Part of which is Addressed to *DELIA*, makes her a very fond Insinuation of his Constancy in these Two Beautiful Lines:

Te Spectem Suprema mihi cum venerit hora,
Te teneam morient deficiente manu.

OPID artfully introduceth *NEMESIS* repeating the Last of Them in a kind of Triumph over Her *Rival*, who had, 'tis probable, been Neglected for some time by Her Lover, while the other Enjoyed these very Marks of his Endearment which she had been flattered with the Hopes of.

† *CATULLUS*, although He Died very Young, had the Reputation not only of Great *Wis*, but of Excellent *Learning*, and that in the Opinion of the most *Learned*, and which may still seem more *Extraordinary*, in That of the most *Witty* of the Age in which He lived.

|| *CALVUS* was an Eminent *POET*, and the Common FRIEND of *CATULLUS* and *TIBULLUS*.

There *GALLUS* too (if * *Violated Fame*
 Compell'd the *Heroe* to that *sad Extream*)
 Well-pleas'd shall entertain the *Gentle Guest*
 Who now augments the Number of the *Blest*.
 And *here* may no *rude Hand* disturb His *BONES*.
Light fall the *Cov'ring EARTH*, and *Decent lye*
 (the *STONES*).

Y 2

* *If Violated Fame, &c.* To make this Passage Familiar to the *ENGLISH Reader*, it will be necessary to enter a little into the History of *GALLUS*. He was a Person whom *AUGUSTUS* had raised from a *Private Condition* to the highest Degree of *Trust* and *Power*. He was afterwards *Accused* of having *Abused* his Master's *Favour*, not only by an *Arbitrary Administration*, and great *Oppression* in *ÆGYP*T, over which *Kingdom* He had been sent to *Preside*, when it was reduced into a *Province*; but also by an *Insolent* and *Neglectful Behaviour* towards the *EMPEROR* Himself, especially if He happened to be *Heated* with *Wine*. The *Malice* of his *Enemies*, and his own *imprudent Conduct* at length *Disgraced* Him. And (as the *Ingratitude* of One Man is generally *Punished* by the *Treachery* of Another) his *Bosom-Friend* and most *Intimate Companion*, *VALERIUS LARGUS*, was the *Chief Instrument* in his *Prosecution* and *Ruin*. His *Resentment* of the severe *Proceedings* in the *SENATE* against him, (They having *Condemned* HIM to *Banishment*, and his *ESTATE* to *Confiscation*) and the *Indignation* he conceived at the *base Treatment* he met with from ONE he had so much *Carested* and *Obliged*, tempted him to lay *violent Hands* upon Himself. *AUGUSTUS* expressed His *Concern* for his *Death* in a *Style* worthy so *Great* and so *Gracious* a *PRINCE*; and, in a sort of *Rebuke* to the *SENATE* for their *Harsh Sentence*, Complained of His *hard Fate*, who Alone, said He, was not Allowed to *Chastise* the

170 TRANSLATIONS.

the *Failings* of His FRIENDS after his own Manner. GALLUS was a most Accomplished R O M A N, and is Celebrated by VIRGIL and all the Best POETS of his Age. The *Judicious* will observe, that though OVID touches upon this Subject with great *Delicacy*, yet in *those* Days it was thought no Crime to do Honour to the Memory of a Fallen COURTIER, who had many *Shining* and *Valuable* Qualities.



TO



TO HIS
Grace the Duke of *ARGYLL*;
WITH THE
Life of POMPONIUS ATTICUS.

THE MUSE, that Scorns to *Flatter*, or De-
(*fame,*
In ev'ry *Change* of FORTUNE *still* the SAME ;
That, Careless how the *Factionous Crowd* Divide,
Courts not their *Folly*, nor their Leader's *Pride* ;
To Thee, *ARGYLL!* who wer't Her earliest
(*Praise,*
Aspires once more Her Faithful Voice to raise :
Nor

172 *To the Duke of ARGYLL;*

Nor Fears the *Strain* can *Unharmonious* be,
That Sings of *ATTICUS*, and Sings to *THEE*.
Viewing *This Image* of *ROME's* Fav'rite Son,
Pleas'd She Beheld *Some Features* Like *Your Own*.
Like *THEE HE* Liv'd *Untainted* in an Age
Deform'd with *Crimes*, and Mad with *Civil Rage*.
Like *THEE HE* firmly to the *LAWS* *Adher'd*,
Yet more by *PRUDENCE* than by *PARTY* *Steer'd*.
Like *THEE HE* Learn'd *AMBITION* to Despise,
Yet Gaz'd on *GLORY* with a *Lover's* Eyes.
Like *THEE* when Rais'd by *Favour*, or *Success*,
Desert He Cherish'd ; and Reliev'd *Distress*.
Like *THEE* *Disdaining* each low *Vulgar End*,
Confess'd the *PATRIOT*, and Avow'd the
(*FRIEND*.
Like *THEE HE* met — ah *Worst* of Human
(*Wrongs!*
Ungrateful Hearts, and false *Invidious Tongues*.
But pass We That *Severe Remembrance* by.
The Palms Oppress'd shoot faster to the *Sky*.

O Fam'd

With the Life of ATTICUS. 173

O Fam'd in in *Council* ! as Renown'd in *Fight* !
Contemplate here this Old *Illustrious* KNIGHT ;
In all Events *Superior* to His *Fate* ;
Divinely *Good*, as Eminently *Great* :
Whose Gen'rous *Exit* shew'd Him to Excell
No less in *Dying* than in *Living* well.
How FEW in *Those last Conflicts* do We find
But Sink beneath the *Burthen* of their *Mind* ?
Tho' VALOUR Guards the *Tent*, or STATE the

(*Door*,

The *Scene* soon changes in *That Dreadful Hour*.
Each *Guilty Thought* will then press rudely in,
Like CÆSAR Stab'd by our own *Darling Sin*.
But HE knew Nothing to *Alarm* His Soul :
No *Clouds of Vice* His *Sunshine* did Controul :
With undiminis'd *Lustre* HE Retreats,
And as HE *mildly Rose*, as *calmly Sets*.

SHALI.

174 *To the Duke of ARGYLL.*

SHALL then some *Pedant Scribe*, or *Rev'rend*
(*Drope*
That dully Nods upon a *Pulpit-Throne*,
Who meanly *Merit* by *Profession* Scan,
Exclude from HEAVEN this *Just*, this *Pious* Man?
Sure FAITH Alone is but a *Weak Pretence*;
And Want of CHARITY is Want of *Sense*.
The *Barren Fig-tree* was of right *Accurst*,
But the Fair *Fruitful Vine* for Use was *Nurst*.

GIVE Me THOU POWER *Immortal!* and
(*Unchang'd!*
Whose *Care Paternal* has through *Ages* rang'd;
(CHRISTIAN or PAGAN, *Both Thy Influence* felt,
Whose *Bounty* is to All Thy *Creatures* dealt)
Give Me to Travel o'er those *Realms of Light*,
Where EPICURETUS shines *serenely* Bright;
Where VARRO and POMPONIVS lead the Way;
Who Follow VIRTUE ne'er can Go *astray*.

PROLOGUE



PROLOGUE

To the TRAGEDY of

Sir WALTER RALEIGH.

Struck with each Ancient GREEK or ROMAN
(Name,

Blindly We Pay *Devotion* to Their *Fame*.

Their Boasted CHIEFS in *Partial Lights* are shown:

Neglect, or *Envy*, still Attends Our *Own*.

POETS and PRIESTS, the People to Deceive,

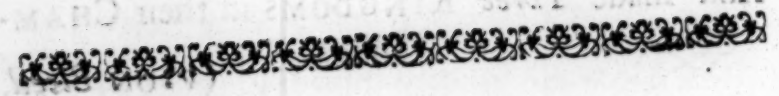
Form GODS and HEROES *Neither* do *Believe*.

Z

Our

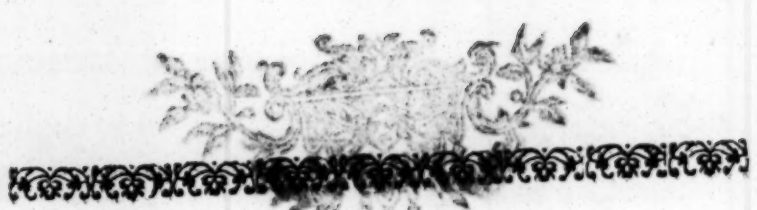
177 To Sir Walter Raleigh

A Patient Monarch too far from
Company Kings! They saw with
Weekly Contention to the Gallies. Daily
And made Three Kingdoms their Cham-



BRITONS, by the English Tongue, Town
Narrow not the Harbour out of the Sea.

To Great Britain, and the Kingdoms
Not for the Land, but for the Sea.

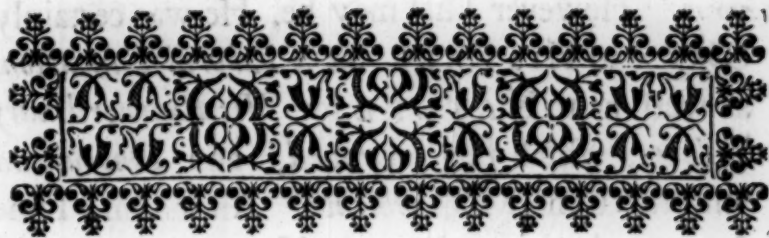




SOME
MEMOIRS
OF
William Wycherley, Esq;



MEMOIRS
OF
WILLIAM WYCHERLEY, ESQ.



SOME
MEMOIRS
OF

William Wycherley, Esq;



HIS GENTLEMAN was Son
of *WYCHERLEY*, Esq;
of *CLEVE* in *SHROPSHIRE*,
five Miles distant from SHREWS-
BURY, who was Possessed of
an *ESTATE* of about *Six Hundred Pounds* a
Year. It is said He did not stand much *Indebted*
to the *Tenderness* of His *FATHER*, when his
Misfortunes gave Him most reason to *Demand*,
and *Expect* His *Assistance*; namely after the
Death of King *CHARLES*, and the *Abdication*
of King *JAMES* the Second, with BOTH WHICH
PRINCES

PRINCES He had been in a great Degree of *Favour*. However That may be, He was certainly *Obliged* to HIS CARE for a *Liberal Education*, as well as to NATURE for *His Extraordinary Talents*, which He *Improved*, and *Embellished* with the utmost *Refinements*. After some Time spent at the UNIVERSITY, He was removed to the INNS of COURT, and *Entered* of the MIDDLE-TEMPLE. But making His *First Appearance* in Town in a *Reign* when WIT and GAIETY were the *Favourite Distinctions*, He soon left the *Dry Study* of the LAW, and gave into *Pursuits* more *Agreeable* to His own GENIUS, as well as to the *Taste* of the AGE. It was not long before He Became universally *Known*, and as generally *Carested* by whatever there were of Persons *Eminent* for their *Quality*, or *Politeness*; and, among Others of *that Character*, and *Rank*, the Famous Duke of BUCKINGHAM honoured Him with His *Familiarity*, and *Esteem*. But whether He received any more *Profitable Marks* of His FRIENDSHIP than *Publick Professions*, and *Outward Civilities*, I am not Able to Declare. A *Story* that Mr. WYCHERLEY related to Me, upon another Occasion, makes Me inclined to Believe, that *That Careless*, though *Ingenious*, NOBLEMAN might possibly *Neglect* to Reward
MERIT

of William Wycherley, Esq; 183

MERIT in HIM, as well as in the PERSON I am going to Mention.

Mr. *WYCHERLEY* had always laid hold of any Opportunity which offered, to Represent to HIS GRACE how well Mr. *BUTLER* had *Deserved* of the ROYAL FAMILY by Writing His *Inimitable HUDIBRAS*; and that it was a *Reproach* to the COURT, that a Person of His *Loyalty* and *Wit* should suffer in the *Obscurity*, and under the *Wants* HE did. The DUKE seemed always to *Hearken* to Him with *Attention* enough: and, after some time, undertook to *Recommend* His *Pretensions* to HIS MAJESTY. Mr. *WYCHERLEY*, in hopes to keep Him *Steady* to His Word, Obtained of HIS GRACE to *Name* a DAY, when He might Introduce *That Modest and Unfortunate POET* to His New PATRON. At last an *Appointment* was made, and the *Place of Meeting* was agreed to be THE ROE-BUCK. Mr. *BUTLER* and HIS FRIEND Attended accordingly: THE DUKE too joyned Them. But, as the DEVIL would have it, The Door of the Room where They sat was *Open*; and HIS GRACE, who had seated Himself near it, Observing a PIMP of His Acquaintance (the Creature too was a KNIGHT) trip by with a *Brace* of LADIES, immediately *Quitted* His

A a

Engage-

Engagement to follow Another kind of *Business*, at which He was more *Ready* than in doing *Good Offices* to MEN OF DESERT ; though No One was better *Qualified*, than HE was, both in regard of His FORTUNE and UNDERSTANDING, to *Protect* THEM : And from *That Hour* to the Day of his DEATH, Poor BUTLER never found the *least Effect* of HIS PROMISE.

BUT to Return to Mr. WICHERLEY ——— HIS COMPANY was not only Courted by The MEN, but HIS PERSON was as well Received by the LADIES ; and as K. CHARLES was extremely *Fond* of HIM upon account of His *Wit*, some of the ROYAL MISTRESSES, I have been credibly Informed, set *no less Value* upon *Those Parts* in Him, of which They were more *Proper Judges*. Thus the *Cirle* of His LIFE was filled with All the *Delightful Variety* That FREEDOM, FAVOUR, and EASIE FORTUNE could administer to an *Elegant MIND*, and *Vigorous CONSTITUTION*. It is Known to Every One who hath *Conversed* in the World, that the AMOURS of BRITAIN in the *First Years* of *That MONARCH* might Furnish as *Diverting MEMOIRS*, if well Related, as *Those* of FRANCE Published by RABUTIN, or *Those* of NERO's COURT Writ by PETRONIUS. And it would then

of William Wycherley, Esq; 185

then perhaps, upon a nearer Inquiry, be found, that *Many* of the *Boasted Patterns* in MODESTY in the FAIR SEX, and of WISDOM in OUR OWN, That are so *Edifying* to THIS PRESENT AGE, were the *Fortuitous Issue* of PARENTS remarkable for Nothing in the FORMER but Their LUXURY and LEWDNESS. I cannot forbear to Mention (just for the *Oddness* of the Thing) one Piece of *Gallantry*, among many others, that Mr. WTCHERLEY was once telling me They had in *Those Days*. It was THIS: There was an HOUSE at the BRIDGE-FOOT, where *Persons* of *Better Condition* used to *Resort* (You see how distant the *Scene* then laid to what it doth Now) for PLEASURE and PRIVACY. The *Liquor* the LADIES and their LOVERS used to Drink at *Those Meetings* was CANARY; and, among *Other Compliments* the GENTLEMEN paid their MISTRESSES, *This* it seems was always *One*, to take hold of the *Bottom* of their SMOCKS, and, pouring the WINE through *That Filtre*, feast their *Imaginations* with the Thought of *What* gave the *Zesto*, and so Drink a *Health* to the TOAST.

HE is justly *Celebrated* among the *Best* of Our ENGLISH COMICK POETS. His PLAYS are an Excellent *Satire* upon the *Vices* and *Follies*.

lies of the AGE in which He lived. His STYLE is *Masculine*, and His WIT is *Pointed*: And yet with All that *Severity* and *Sharpness* with which HE appears on the STAGE, They who were of his *Familiar Acquaintance* Applauded him for the *Generosity* and *Gentleness* of His MANNERS. HE was certainly a GOOD-NATURED MAN: And I reckon it as ONE Great Mark of such a DISPOSITION, that HE was as *Impatient* to hear His FRIEND *Calumniated*, as some other People would be to find THEMSELVES *Defamed*. I have more than once been a Witness of that *Honourable Tendernefs* in His TEMPER. But the present Lord LANS-DOWN hath in so handsome a Manner *Vindicated* Him upon THIS HEAD, that I refer the READER to His APOLOGY, which hath long since been made PUBLICK.

HE was twice MARRIED: In the *Younger Part of His Life* to the Countess of DROGHEDA, who settled her *Whole Fortune* upon Him. But, his TITLE being *Disputed* after her Death, the *Expences* of the Law, and other *Incumbrances* so far *Reduced* him, that He was not able to satisfy the *Impatience* of his CREDITORS; and they flung him at last into PRISON.

I have

I have been assured, that the BOOKSELLER who Printed his *PLAIN-DEALER*, by which he got almost as much *Money* as the AUTHOR gained *Reputation*, was so *Ungrateful* to his BENEFACTOR, as to refuse to Lend him *Twenty Pounds* in his *extreme Necessities*.

In *That* CONFINEMENT He Languished SEVEN YEARS : Nor was He *Released* from *Those Bonds*, 'till King JAMES going to see the PLAY I just mentioned, was so Charmed with the *Entertainment*, that He gave immediate Orders for the *Payment* of HIS DEBTS, adding to *That Grace* a PENSION also of 200 *l. per Annum*, while HE Continued in ENGLAND. But the *Bountiful Intentions* of *That* PRINCE towards him had not the *Designed Effect*; purely, as I have been told by the late Lord DUNBAR, through the *Modesty* of this Poor Gentleman, who was ashamed to Confess to the Earl of MULGRAVE (whom the King had sent to Demand it) the full *Account* of so large a Sum as he knew to be *Owing* by him. Mr. WYCHERLEY hath acknowledged to Me, that *That* NOBLEMAN just named, lent him likewise once 500 *l.* upon his Bond. HE laboured under the Weight of *These Difficulties*, 'till His FATHER Dyed :

Dyed: and then too the ESTATE that Descended to him, was left him under very *Uneasie Limitations*, He being only made TENANT for LIFE. Besides,, he was at that Time HIMSELF of a very *Advanced Age*; *Weak* in his BODY, and *Broken* in his SPIRIT; Drawing towards the *Cloudy EVENING* of a LIFE, that had scarce the *faint Glimmerings* remaining of *That LUSTRE* which made HIM so *Gazed* at in his MERIDIAN. How fully now ought it to *Convince* US of the *Vanity* of all HUMAN PRETENTIONS, and of the *little Reason* we have to *Pride* OURSELVES in the *False Glitter*, and *Fading Ornaments* of FORTUNE, or the *short-liv'd Perfections* of OUR NATURE, when we *Reflect* upon the *Example* of *This PERSON*, in whom were Beheld so many *Cruel Reverses* of BOTH! HE, who had been *Indulged* in the *Sweets* of PLENTY, even to *Excess*; Who had *wantonly Roved* through all the *enchanting Mazes* of PLEASURE; Who was *Admired* for his WIT; and *Valued* for his WORTH; This MAN, alas! lived to see HIMSELF, in a short time, *Neglected* by HIS FRIENDS, *Forsaken* by HIS RELATIONS, and, in the end, *Condemned*, by the *Iniquity* of his FATE, to *Suffer* under a *Close* and *Long IMPRISONMENT*. And when, after many Years, he was, at last, *set at Liberty* from
That

That RESTRAINT, and might seem, by the DEATH of his FATHER, to be lifted up into higher Expectations, and an *Easier Seat* in Life, HE not only found HIMSELF still *Fettered* in his FORTUNE by the *Narrow Settlement* his FATHER had made of *His ESTATE*; but, what was Worse, *Afflicted* with SICKNESS, and *Decaying* apace in his INTELLECTS. HE was so CONSCIOUS of this his *Declining Condition*, that upon PUBLISHING, Ten or Eleven Years before he DYED, a BOOK of VERSES to *Which* he Prefixed a PRINT that had been taken from the PICTURE Sir P. LELY had formerly *Drawn* for him, HE ordered *This Motto* to be placed underneath it,

Quantum Mutatus ab illo !

a MELANCHOLY EJACULATION! if HE had not the HOPES of ANOTHER WORLD to COMFORT him after the *Disappointment* and *ill Usage* he had met with in THIS. Under these Circumstances, *Confined* as they were, he took care to *lessen* every Year, *considerably*, the DEBT he had Contracted. But seeing no likelihood that he should be Able *intirely* to *Discharge* It by what he might, with *Convenience*, spare out of his ANNUAL RENTS; and not being allowed by his FATHER's WILL to *raise any Money* by MORTGAGE, or SALE of his Land, HE took
a Me-

a *Method* of doing it, that was in his *Power*, tho' Few suspected it to be in his *Choice*, at *Those Years*. This was by making a *JOINTURE*. HE had often indeed told a *GENTLEMAN* of my *Acquaintance* (but it was understood to be said by HIM rather *IN Terrorem* to his *NEPHEW*, than what was meant as his *Real INTENTIONS*) "That He was Resolved to "Dye *MARRIED*, though He could not bear the "Thoughts of *Living MARRIED*." Accordingly, just at the *Eve* of His *DEATH*, he was joyned in *WEDLOCK* to a *Young Gentlewoman*, and *Eleven Days* after the *Celebration* of these His *Second NUPTIALS*, in the Year 1715, and about the *EIGHTIETH* of his *AGE*, he *DYED*, with so little *Reluctance*, that HE might be said to *Drop* off the *TREE* of *LIFE*, like *FRUIT* that had hung long *Expecting* to be *Gathered*. HE lyes *Interred* in the *VAULT* of *COVENT-GARDEN CHURCH*.

F I N I S.



